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APRIL 19, 1985

m. F. Buckley Jr. says:
lou Shalt Button Thy Lip
—See page 54

NATIONAL REVIEW

ncient (Dying?) Gods

–HAROLD O.J. BROWN

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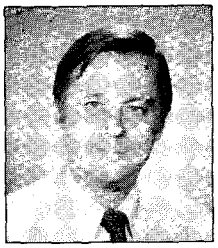
BETHELL 29

MOLNAR 38

AESCHLIMAN 43

THE COVER

26 Ancient Gods and Cardboard Heroes
Pre-Christian pagan culture prepared men's minds for Christianity by giving them intimations of truth and beauty. If post-Christian culture is aggressively ugly, it may be because, having lost our common faith, we are bent on erasing from our souls even the outlines of those hopes Christ came to fulfill. Bit by bit, we are making our moral and aesthetic environment inhospitable to the very possibility of belief.
Harold O. J. Brown

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

22 Bennett's Reform
In the eyes of the Washington establishment, the new Secretary of Education is a dunce. *John McLaughlin*

24 Trouble in the Pacific
The Western Alliance faces a new crisis in an unexpected quarter. As the U.S. grapples with New Zealand's David Lange, France seems baffled and irresolute in dealing with rebellion in New Caledonia. *Brian Crozier*

29 State's Superfine-Tuning
You'll never guess who's helping the Communist regime of Mozambique crush a popular rebellion. There's a perfectly illogical explanation. *Tom Bethell*

36 A Prime Minister under Siege
Mrs. Thatcher's worst enemies are not on the flaming Left but in the soggy Center. As Labour crumbles, the middle class grumbles —clinging to its subsidies and wailing about "compassion." (Yep, they have it over there too.) *Edward Pearce*

38 The Man Who Knew Lenin
Boris Souvarine wrote the first great exposé of Stalin. But he was never able to exorcise from his heart the doctrine of Marx and the legacy of Lenin. *Thomas Molnar*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

41 **Regis Martin** reflects on the message of Romano Guardini, who prophesied that modern man would learn the hard way what his apostasy had committed him to. So far, the residue of Christian culture has shielded us from the full implications of godlessness, but we can already read the signs of a newer, darker time. . . . **M. D. Aeschliman** praises the imaginative biographical studies of Iris Origo. . . . **Joseph Sobran** reviews Richard Neely's second thoughts on divorce "reform." . . . Thomas G. Bergin brings the urbanity of a great Dante scholar to the history of Harvard-Yale football, to the delight of **John Chamberlain**. . . . Michael Harrington gave us the other America; **Nika Hazelton** has found the other Italy, and it's a lot more fun. . . . **D. Keith Mano** handles a mugging the way Bernie Goetz shoulda.

6 LETTERS
11 FOR THE RECORD
12 THE WEEK
34 hello!!!
40 FROM THE CONTINENT
50 THE RIGHT BOOKS
54 ON THE RIGHT
58 TRANS-O-GRAM

Cover design by Colleen Lawlor
Collage by Marc Yankus

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1985. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $34.00 a year (25 issues). Add $6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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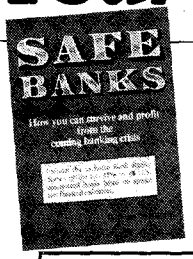

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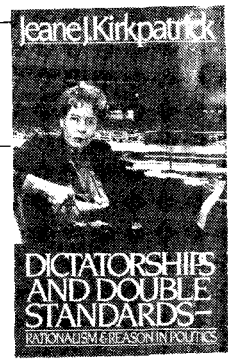

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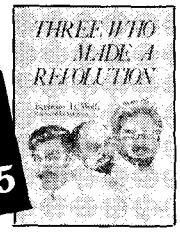

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LETTERS

The Bishops' Bias

The Catholic bishops' vacuous letter on economics is a perfect example of what is wrong with all our churches in the United States today. William Simon's critique of the letter ["The Bishops' Folly," April 5] sums up all the faults in its content (which, I might add, applies equally to the pronouncements of the clergy of most Protestant denominations). But it strikes me that the real issue is different. Obviously, religious people of all sorts, including clergy, have the right to make political statements. But all our clergy (except the fundamentalists) seem to be neglecting their chief role, which is to tend to spiritual needs. Even when the bishops make statements we applaud, such as those on abortion, they seem to see themselves nowadays as chiefly political figures. The terrible irony of it is that, as they concentrate more on the political sphere, their overall influence is bound to decline. People go to church, and pay attention to religious leaders, to the extent that they believe religion is important. The bishops' unintended message is that they themselves don't care enough about religion to waste time talking about it.

Susan Geoffreys
Cambridge, Mass.

The Economy of Freedom

John McLaughlin makes several salient points about the anti-South Africa/pro-disinvestment movement ["RSA & USA," March 8]. He notes that Chief Gatsha Buthelezi told him that the "black people of South Africa have not said they want disinvestment." In fact, most black workers reject disinvestment as a strategy because it would hurt them economically and thus set back the pace of reform, and threaten the human-rights gains made possible by a relatively free market.

Buthelezi's views and others are found in a new book published by the Ethics and Public Policy Center, *The Politics of Sentiment: Churches and Foreign Investment in South Africa*, by Richard E. Sincere. In her foreword to the book, black labor leader Lucy Mvubelo writes:

"Foreign investment has created jobs for thousands of African workers who would otherwise be unemployed. Thanks to the policies of foreign firms operating here, black workers have gained significant wage increases . . . The vitality of South Africa's economy offers more hope to South African blacks than destructive forms of pressure from abroad."

The free-enterprise system, and the prosperity that accompanies it, is the most effective adversary of apartheid. Disinvestment advocates are foolishly promoting a policy that would harm those people they wish to help.

Ernest W. Lefever
President
Ethics and Public Policy Center
Washington, D.C.

Applause

I cried with laughter reading "Letters from a KGB Agent," by Dinesh D'Souza and Gregory Fossedal [March 8]. Really, this is the best thing I have seen in years. What a smashing alternative to those damn conspiracy theories that became the ruin of conservatives! Please feature more of this sort of thing in the future—my only complaint is that the article was too short.

P. S. Joies
Kingston, N.J.

Flight of Fancy

So now we find *NR* editorially praising the multibillion-dollar Westway boondoggle ["Westway and Star Wars," March 22]. That strand of conservatism that stands in awe of the "collective will" should have stayed in Europe. I, for one, resent being taxed to line the pockets of contractors and New York City's commuters—even if it means not participating in the exhilarating "revival of the national will."

Ill-conceived undertakings such as the Vietnam War, the TVA, and, yes, the manned moon landing require the kind of mindless nationalism typical of big-government, collectivist conservatives. George Will, their intellectual leader, jokingly refers to himself as a Tory. But he's kidding on the square. He and his ilk (including your editorial writer) are on the wrong side of the American Revolution.

Edward H. Crane
President, Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

I believe that you have given far greater value to New York City's proposed highway project than it deserves. Comparing its importance to the Apollo

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moon landing is questionable. The space project led to many scientific developments that had applications here on earth. Besides encouraging more automobiles to enter Manhattan, what would be the external benefits of Westway?

The uncertainty of Westway's impact on the Hudson River (on both the New York and the New Jersey sides) is only one of the many reasons that it has been delayed all these years. Replacing the old West Side Highway with a less expensive roadway, and using some of the leftover funds for the purpose of rebuilding the city's mass transit system, would be a more productive example of collective effort.

Finally, I suggest a walk through this section of Manhattan, an area that contains the new Convention Center, the thriving neighborhoods of Chelsea and the West Village, and the emerging Battery Park City. It would reveal that a revitalization process is under way without the construction of Westway.

Stanley Tupaj
Baltimore, Md.

A Better Bet

In your February 22 issue, Cato demonstrated that he does not know too much about Colorado politics. Congressman Ken Kramer has scored an impressive string of victories, and will make Tim Wirth number five. Campaign polls have consistently shown Ken's public image as rather moderate; only the media have the "ideological" view of Congressman Kramer. Let's hope NATIONAL REVIEW will not help perpetuate this myth.

No other candidate yet identified (including ultra-liberal State Senator Martha Ezzard) has the necessary base, resources, or energy to give any Democrat a close race.

Steven J. Durham
State Senator
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tracking Trains

In a recent editorial ["Start Cutting: Turkey Number One," March 22], Amtrak comes under criticism, and while my conservatism says, "Good. If it is a boondoggle, eliminate it," nevertheless I suggest that you be a little more aware of subsidies in all areas of transportation.

For example, how many airports have been built with tax money? The explanation, of course, is that it is in "the public interest." And how about the miles and miles of public roads and bridges (for buses and trucks) that have been constructed with the same excuse?

For some time now here in Massachusetts there has been considerable agita-

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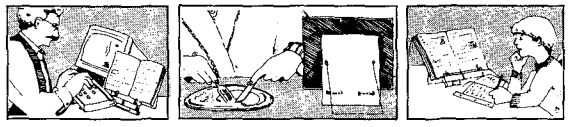

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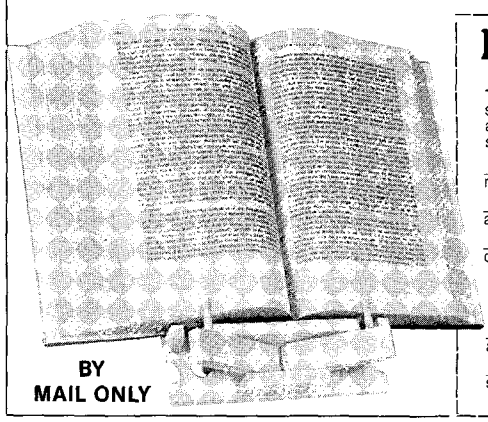

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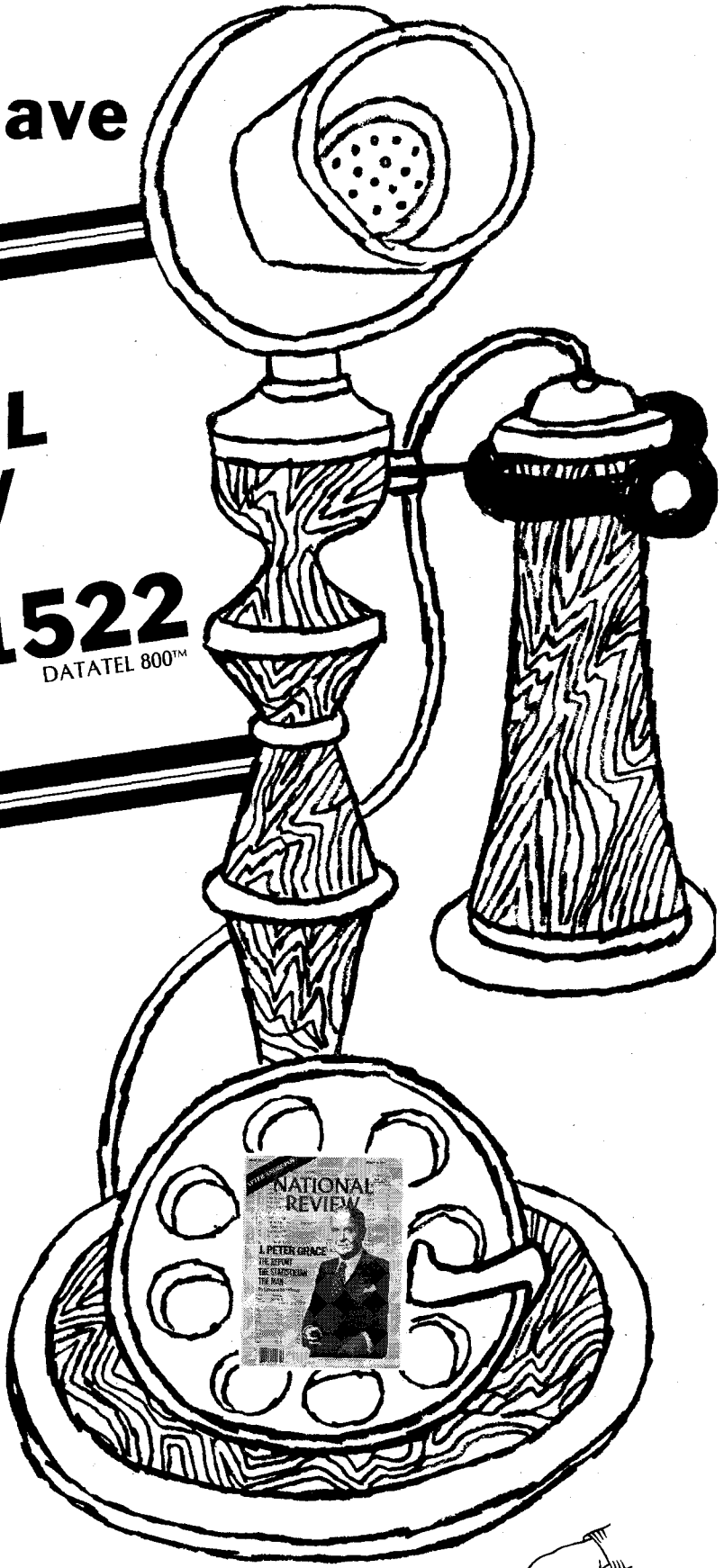

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tion by some groups for construction of a new tunnel under Boston Harbor to Logan Airport in East Boston, which would be nothing less than an out-and-out subsidy for the airport and the airlines using it. The proponents of this project have the consummate *chutzpah* to expect the Federal Government to provide 90 per cent of the cost under the interstate road program. The cost, incidentally, is estimated at more than $2 billion. And while it is true that the Boston end would connect with I-90, I-93, and I-95 in one way or another, the East Boston terminus would be just that, a dead end.

This seems a lot to pay for a service for the 15 per cent of the population that flies, while the other 85 per cent has to pay as well. If Amtrak is a white elephant, I say stop funding it, at least until railroad work rules are modified. But let's cover the whole field of subsidies in transportation at the same time.

Paul L. Page
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

It seems strange that of all the modern nations, ours is the only one that cannot maintain a passenger train system but is so wedded to the airplane that we must fly comparatively short distances, even one hundred miles or less. Now when our ailing train system is finally becoming competitive and new high-speed trains are on the books, we are talking of throwing away all the money we have spent on new rolling stock, road beds, etc. This is a short-sighted policy; transportation is too important to neglect any means of travel. France is not talking of junking its Mistral, nor Japan its Bullet Train.

Granted we must reduce expenses, let's have a more general reduction, even freeze Social Security (I am a recipient) rather than destroy the work done on our train system over the last ten years.

Donald R. McCarrick
Aldan, Pa.

Sowing Trouble

As a recent subscriber, lifelong conservative, and person who derives a good portion of his income from farming, I was disappointed to see John McLaughlin ignore the major cause of those farmers' having financial problems ["Farm Blues," March 22]. Specifically, I am referring to imprudent speculation. This, in turn, created dangerous debt ratios that have been further aggravated by declining land prices, high interest rates, and stagnant commodity prices.

Several questions deserve to be addressed. Do farmers have a right to expect taxpayer protection from poor business decisions? Are taxpayers obliged to ensure that farmers own the means of production? Is this any more valid than insisting that factory workers own the land on which the factory is built?

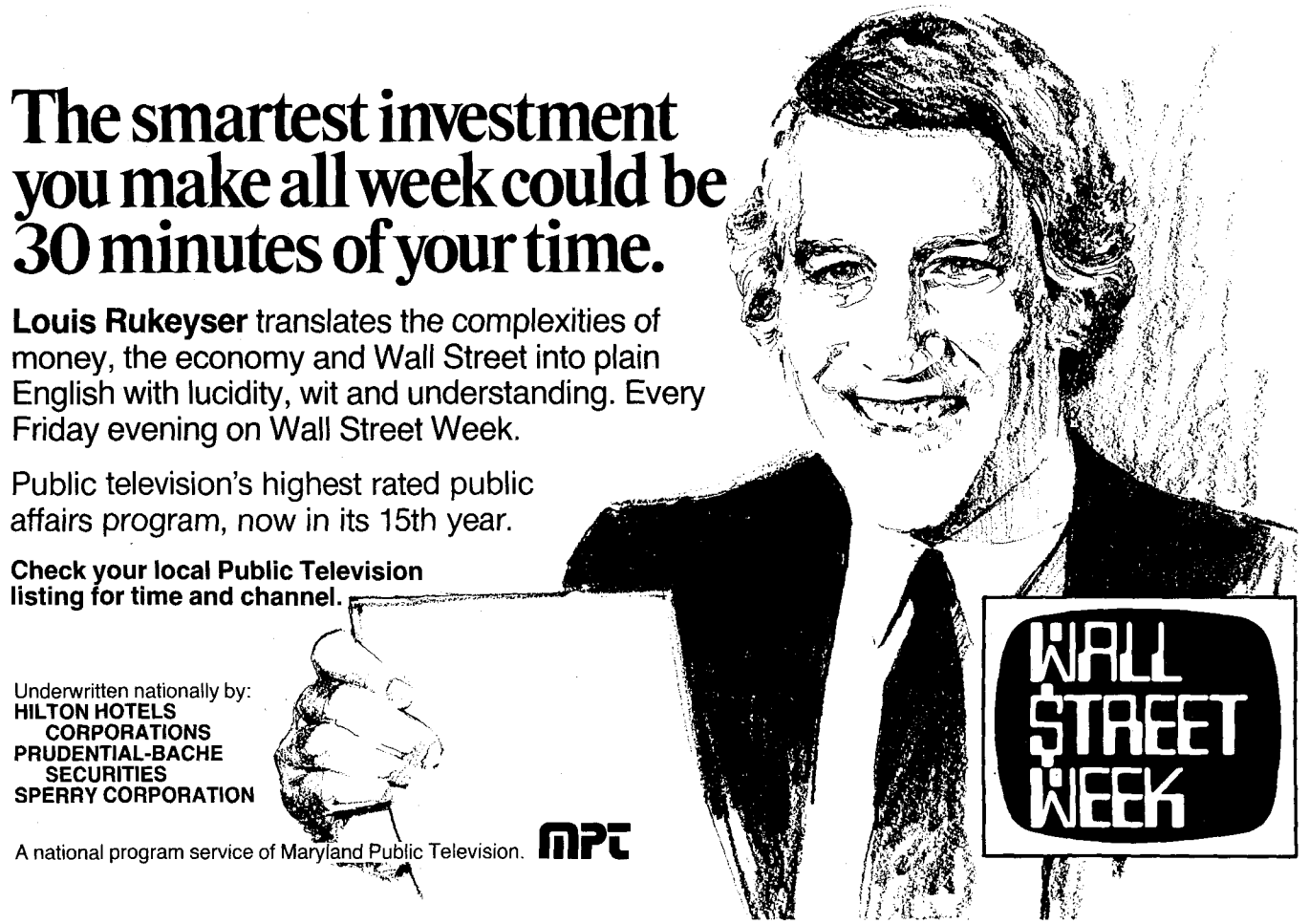
Mr. McLaughlin's article may make political sense if you wish to buy votes, but haven't we learned that shortsighted reactions sometimes exacerbate long-term problems?

Jim Reid
Monterey Park, Calif.

Death and Innocence

In his well-reasoned article, "New Arguments against Capital Punishment?" [Feb. 8], Ernest van den Haag states unequivocally, "Not even the most radical abolitionists believe that convicts sentenced to death are innocent." I doubt it. One of the major arguments I have always heard against capital punishment is that a death sentence cannot be undone, and it is possible to execute an innocent man in error.

There is no doubt that this is possible.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But in our country we take elaborate precautions to protect the innocent while condemning the guilty. The death sentence is not arbitrarily ordered. The defendant has a trial where evidence of his guilt must be produced and where his peers determine his guilt or innocence. Then there is provision for appeal, mandatory with death sentences.

Unfortunately, one of the risks of living is the possibility of a miscarriage of justice, which, considering the protections offered the defendant, should be a rare occurrence. By the same token, an innocent man may be killed by a drunk driver. In the last draft there was the risk of being chosen and then the further risk of facing greater enemy fire than your neighbor. I would say one of the great risks is that of being unfortunate enough to be born outside our United States. At least we don't have the kind of death penalty that involves being taken out of our homes in the middle of the night, without a warrant, being interrogated and tortured in a Lubyanka prison, compelled to incriminate other innocents, and then being killed out of hand.

Jerome Greenblatt
Laguna Hills, Calif.

A Well-Earned Reward

In his column "The High Cost of Eternal Youth" ["On the Right," March 22], WFB quotes *Time* magazine on the Grace Commission, "which said the military pension plan was six times as good as the best private-sector plan." Why, then, aren't recruiting offices mobbed with applicants?

I think, as Alice says, "a soldier's life is very hard." Even if he isn't killed or maimed by war or accident, the soldier probably earns his pension. His job is easily six times harder and more dangerous than that of your average feather merchant.

As for the lieutenant colonel who retired with twenty years' service, let us not forget all the officers who don't get selected for promotion and are forced out of the service at 16, 17, 18, or 19 years with *no* pension.

Joe Travers
Osseo, Minn.

Good Sport

A thousand banzais and huzzas to William E. Simon for his guest editorial [March 22] about "America's Punks," Connors and McEnroe. *How* that did need to be said! For years I have sat in front of my television in rage and shame over the behavior of these two odious brats. I, too, rejoice that the Swedes won in December. May something—maybe Mr. Simon's outrage?—penetrate the thick skin of the USTA and other tennis bodies to the point where they will take effective action.

May I suggest to you and Mr. Simon that another guest editorial is urgently needed on the general decline of sportsmanship and adult sport conduct in America for some years past? Coaches scream and shake their fists at officials —has there ever been anything more disgraceful than Coach Knight's (Indiana University) hurling a chair across the basketball court recently? The fights that constantly erupt on the hockey rink, the football field, the baseball diamond, and the basketball court show a total lack of sporting restraint.

Perry Laukhuff
Amherst, Va.

Out of Orders

Paul Gottfried, in his review of David Davis's *Slavery and Human Progress* ["Of Human Bondage," March 8], inadvertently conferred episcopal orders upon William Wilberforce. After his evangelical conversion in 1785, William Wilberforce initially contemplated taking holy orders, but John Newton persuaded Wilberforce that he could best serve Christ as a member of Parliament. William Wilberforce remained an MP from 1780 until 1825. He died in 1833, soon after slavery was abolished throughout the British Empire.

Mr. Gottfried may have confused William Wilberforce with his third son, Samuel. "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce was successively Anglican bishop of Oxford (1845) and of Winchester (1869). William Wilberforce's second son, Robert, was also an Anglican divine, though never a bishop. Robert Wilberforce was a Tractarian and, like Newman, eventually left the Church of England for the Church of Rome.

Donald C. Brey
Columbus, Ohio

Where Credit Is Due

In re of "Robert Welch, R I P" [Feb. 8]: Your obituary did not credit Robert Welch and the John Birch Society properly or sufficiently, a surprising omission (error?) in a journal that has been so consistently fair.

Regardless of necessary disavowals and the eventual diminution of their role in the conservative movement, it remains that it was he and his Birch Society that galvanized through education the somnolent and disfranchised grass-root conservatives, and gave them a way to go.

Patricia Merrill
Los Angeles, Calif.

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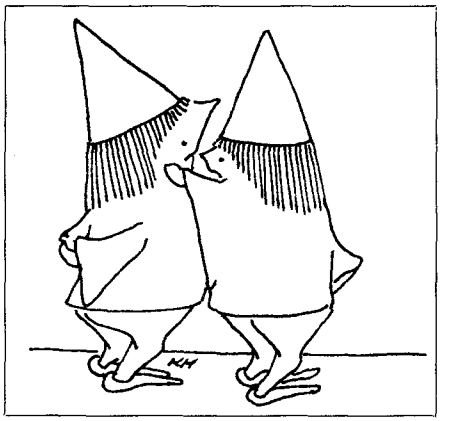
FOR THE RECORD

New Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk** is off and running in attempt to stitch Democratic Party together again. Last week he urged organized labor not to be a mug next time around and to withhold its endorsement until after the Democratic (natch) convention. . . . AFL-CIO chief **Lane Kirkland** is making no promises. Next Kirk says he'll carry the message to other organized groups—blacks, women, Hispanics. . . . Kirk's trip a fortnight back to Atlanta was far from successful: None of the 12 Southern governors he wanted to talk to was on hand to greet him. Commented no-show **George Wallace**: "The party's got to get away from some of the ultra-liberal positions they advocated in the platform . . . if they ever hope to carry Alabama again." . . . Two influential governors (**Bruce Babbitt**, Ariz., and **Charles Robb**, Va.) and Sen. **Lawton Chiles**, Fla., have formed their own Democratic Leadership Council to try to bring national party back to center. . . . Recent polls show Southern whites more and more identifying themselves as Republicans, and last week's **Gallup** indicated 39 per cent of people feel Republicans are better at handling national problems, as against 29 per cent who think the Democrats do a better job—the best GOP showing since the first weeks of **Reagan**'s first term. . . . Democratic political analyst **Richard M. Scammon** says problem with Democratic Party is that it is torn between "cause men" and practicing politicians, with the "cause men" in control. "You can't get the fifty million votes you need to elect a President" with causes, he says.

Looking ahead: **Kevin Phillips** sees clear sailing for Republicans in two gubernatorial elections this year: in New Jersey, where Democratic Rep. **James Florio**—who fought Republican Gov. **Thomas Kean** right down to the wire last time around—has announced



"General Lafayette helped rebels overthrow an established government!"

he won't run against Kean this year; and in Virginia, where popular Democratic Gov. Charles Robb cannot run again. Virginia Democrats are already at each other's throats in the scramble to win nomination. . . . In 1986, Phillips says, Republicans have good chance at retaining seat **Barry Goldwater** will be vacating in Ariz., now that Gov. Babbitt says he won't run for Senate. . . . *Newsweek* tries this one on for size: If, it says, Sen. **Charles Mathias** (Md.) decides to retire in '86, **Jeane Kirkpatrick** might run for his seat as Republican, in preparation for a presidential bid. . . . *Boston Globe* says Kennedy family "inner circle" has notified other possible candidates that 23-year-old **Edward Kennedy Jr.**, **Teddy**'s son, may run for **Tip O'Neill**'s seat in the 8th CD when the Speaker calls it quits. Kennedys apparently reason it's *their* seat, since **JFK** once held it. . . . Democratic analyst **Alan Baron** throws this one out without comment: No incumbent Vice President has been elected President since **Martin Van Buren** in 1836. **Richard Nixon** was an ex-Vice President battling an incumbent VP in his successful 1968 run against **Hubert Humphrey**.

Certain shifts at Education Department since **William Bennett** took over. Bennett has eased out several key aides to former SecEd **Terrel Bell**, replacing them with conservatives such as **Chester Finn** of Vanderbilt U. . . . On way out is the Rev. **Robert J. Billings**, a former Moral Majority leader, who was director of regional liaison. . . . Conservative **Faith Ryan Whittlesey**, who did yeoman work as White House Director of Public Liaison, given rousing farewell party and roast by **Morton Blackwell**'s Committee for Responsible Youth Politics. Mrs. Whittlesey will be ambassador to Switzerland, replacing the very popular U.S. Ambassador **John Davis Lodge**.

A State/Defense Department booklet on "The Soviet-Cuban Connection in Central America" quotes **Andrei Gromyko** as saying the region is "boiling like a cauldron" and ripe for revolutionary efforts. The quote comes from documents seized in Grenada. . . . President Reagan has come up with neat formulation on Nicaragua: "The United States was on the side of democracy during the fight against **Somoza**, and we're on the side of democracy today." . . . Nicaraguan President **Daniel Ortega** admits his government plans the forcible resettlement of forty thousand Nicaraguan villagers from Honduran border areas to ease the battle against the *Contras*; 24,000 have already been moved. . . . A group of European intellectuals has taken out a full-page ad in France's influential *Le Monde* to express support for *Contras*. They include: dramatists **Eugene Ionesco** and **Fernando Arrabal**; philosopher **Bernard-Henri Levy**; writer **Jean-François Revel**; Soviet dissident **Vladimir Bukovsky**; British politicians **Winston Churchill** and **Lord Chalfont**; and Jewish activist **Simon Wiesenthal**. . . . One unusual sight at **Chernenko**'s funeral was presence of several Russian Orthodox bishops—a first ever, and probably a clumsy propaganda attempt to indicate a relaxation in Soviet persecution of religion.

Going the rounds in Minsk: A Soviet apparatchik tells an audience that the Soviet constitution guarantees freedom of speech. "Any questions?" "Yes," says a fellow in the last row: "How about freedom after speech?"

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THE WEEK

☐ The 1988 campaign has already begun. Gary Hart is reportedly taking steps to change his name and age again.

☐ The new Secretary of Labor, Bill Brock, faces short-term opportunities and long-term systemic problems, reflecting changes in the composition of the labor movement. He also brings formidable assets to the job. Brock is on excellent personal terms with such traditional labor leaders as Lane Kirkland of the AFL-CIO and Owen Bieber of the UAW. Though they agree to disagree on such things as protectionism against the Japanese and a sub-minimum wage for teenagers, lines of communication remain open and friendly. The long-term problems are less genial. Big labor is losing membership and losing political clout. It is also likely to become increasingly black and brown, and, concomitantly, to move to the left politically and become more Third Worldish. The days of the George Meany and Lane Kirkland types are numbered. The notion, heretofore plausible, that big labor, whatever its faults, is anti-Communist will be called into question. It is possible to foresee a radicalized minority labor movement bidding for influence as a swing vote nationally, with a Jesse Jacksonized leadership. Under these circumstances, as they evolve, Brock can play an important tactical role: cultivating the moderates and the patriots, isolating the radicals.

☐ Hey! What was that terrifying rumble out of the Southeast, like the stirring of a behemoth? It was Jimmy Carter, speaking out about Ronald Reagan on *60 Minutes*. The former President blamed "Reagan" (the cardigan-clad Georgian eschews formalities) for the ruinous deficit, the end of our human-rights policy, our disposition to send American troops everywhere. His wife chimed in that Reagan "makes us comfortable with our prejudices." Could it be that Carter is thinking of running again in '88? Don't laugh. He's the only Democrat to carry more than one state in any of the last four presidential elections, and he did it twice. Sounds like he's itching for another title shot. Trouble is, his reflexes are gone, and his speech is a little slurred.

☐ The Supreme Court has now ruled that the $1,000 campaign-spending limit can't be constitutionally applied to political-action committees. It being understood that the Court uses the word "constitutional" in a somewhat metaphorical or ethereal sense, the result is substantively good. The limit was passed by a reform-minded Congress in the Watergate era in an effort to root out corruption and maximize its own incumbency. Money, after all, is only one of several variables in any campaign; factor it out, and the importance of incumbency swells. Or, to put it a little differently, get rid of your opponent's form of corruption and you increase the efficacy of your own form.

☐ Considered in the abstract, there is nothing wrong with 23 congressmen signing a letter to Mr. Gorbachev requesting that the Soviet Union cease cheating on previous arms-control treaties, notably with the Krasnoyarsk radar installation in central Siberia. The congressmen certainly cannot be flung into prison for their letter, as was Anatoly Shcharansky for requesting that the Soviets stop violating the human-rights agreement they signed in Helsinki. Still, the congressmen's exercise possesses a Candide-like quality. "Critics of arms control sending this kind of message could be dismissed by the Soviets," commented Representative Stephen Solarz, one of the signers. "But they might take the point more seriously when it comes from liberal Democrats with a long track record of support for arms control." Mr. Solarz and his 22 colleagues apparently believe that "arms control" talks are about arms control, which they are not. This particular set of talks is part of a Soviet political operation designed to block the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Ornithology in Nicaragua

If what you saw keeps going "Quack!,"
Has glossy feathers on its back
And toes with webbing in between,
One may conclude that what you've seen
Is, from the evidence, a duck.
In Congress, Democrats are stuck
On calling it by fancy words,
But they were never good at birds.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

PRESS REPORTS that the White House will make reprisals against those Republican senators who have been "trashing" the President on the military budget and in other ways are largely true, despite the President's disclaimer at his press conference ("I'm not going to hold a grudge against anyone"). But the report that Pat Buchanan was the architect of the new punishment code is not quite correct. The decision was a unified one, with Ed Rollins, the President's top political advisor, the primary instigator. "Certainly the President will campaign for Republican incumbents as he promises," notes a ranking White House insider. "But a lot of incumbents want favors early. We made it clear that if you want extra help from us in '86, you've got to help us in '85. We're going to take care of our friends first."

The reprisal edict did not go down well with the Hill, of course, and the White House has retrenched somewhat, as the President's fancy footwork at his news conference demonstrates. The larger problem is that during Reagan's first term, with the Baker-Meese-Deaver troika running things, the GOP troops on the Hill went largely undisciplined. Now, under Don Regan's more conventional chief-of-staff centralization, this may change, but only beachhead by beachhead.

The other side of the story is voiced by Senate conservatives and other self-designated "loyalists" who are thoroughly mystified by the White House's handling of budget matters. "Pete Domenici takes us to the brink on the Budget Committee, we vote for the Social Security COLA freeze, and Don Regan goes on *Meet the Press* and says, 'Well, we're not for that.' Regan was emphatic. He went out of his way to shoot down the freeze," laments a Republican senator. "If you're serious about cutting the deficit, how can you avoid entitlements?"

The senator notes that the President had all kinds of cover for the freeze. "The National Governors Conference is dominated by Democrats. They came to town and did *not* oppose a COLA freeze. That opened the window for Reagan to do the macho thing and save billions."

The bottom-line assumption in the White House is that there will be no COLA freeze. "House Democrats won't put it in, and without bipartisan support in both Houses, Reagan won't buy it," says a White House official. So, it really doesn't matter what anybody says, the outcome will be the same. All of which gives Mr. Regan et al. wide freedom of expression.

Regarding the President's goal of a $50-billion cut, Administration folk are quietly coming around to accepting the need to cut another $10 billion each from defense and domestic programs. "If the President can get a 3 per cent real increase in military spending, he can live with that," insiders are discreetly saying. An absolute imperative, White House west-wingers stress, is that Republicans do well in the 1986 elections. Regional realignment depends on that, as does Reagan's successfully warding off the lame-duck bogey. If there is a recession in 1986 (as a majority of business economists now predict), with the prime rate at 15 per cent at election time (as Alan Greenspan is now forecasting), kiss realignment good-bye. "The key is to get the $50 billion cut from the deficit, regardless of whether another piece has to come from defense with a matching piece from domestic programs," says a savvy Washington Reaganite. Wall Street has got to get the signal that the Administration is serious about the deficit, he explains: "If the cuts are only in the $30- to $40-billion range, Wall Street simply will not be reassured. It will assume that we're going to be in a four-year stalemate, with a deficit out of control, and that consensus will drive us into a recession."

Since Bill Brock vacated the office of U.S. Trade Representative to take over from Ray Donovan at Labor, the White House has been deluged with unsolicited nominations for the post. No fewer than 25 candidates are currently under review. Front-runners include Lionel Olmer, Under Secretary for International Trade at Commerce; former Republican congressman Barber Conable; Congressman Bill Frenzel (R., Minn.), ranking minority member of the House Administration Committee; Clayton Yeutter of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange; Walter Wriston, former chairman of Citibank; and at least two "business types." Watch for Don Regan and Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige to make the final recommendations to the President, which probably gives Commerce's Olmer a leg up, since Regan is not known to have any preference—yet. —CATO

It will be coordinated with an intense campaign to that end. The Reagan Administration will counter with proposals for steep cuts in ICBMs, which the Soviets will reject. The Geneva talks are a political battle for public opinion, and there is no chance at all that they will issue in significant "arms control."

☐ Short, lucid, and full of information, Richard Nixon's *No More Vietnams* is a kind of handbook on the entire argument over the Vietnam War, and a history of the problem of Vietnam since the Truman Administration. As told by a participant, and ultimately a tragic participant, it shows admirable restraint. Mr. Nixon argues, to sum it up, that we had won the war by January 1973, with the establishment of a balance of power in Southeast Asia, and that Congress threw away the victory in a fit of irresponsibility. The book will be reviewed in *NR*'s May 3 issue, on the tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon. (The same issue will feature a major retrospective by John P. Roche.) Mr. Nixon's arguments need to be examined, but his book is incontestably a major event.

☐ Rajiv Gandhi wants to cut taxes, slash regulations, and roll back trade protection. We hope he realizes what India will be losing if he succeeds in making it into another Hong Kong. If it fills up with prosperous entrepreneurs instead of passive sufferers, socialists and

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churchmen everywhere will stop giving it good press. If its workers start acquiring Sony Walkmen and spiffy motorcycles, moral experts will complain that age-old spirituality has given way to materialism. If its abundant local color is replaced with skyscrapers and chip factories, moviemakers and public broadcasters will go elsewhere for exoticism and romanticism. Rising life expectancies are all very well, but is it worth the loss of image?

☐ Since Arnaud de Borchgrave is one of the most resourceful and best-connected journalists of our time, as well as a two-fisted anti-Communist, his selection as editor of the *Washington Times* is happy news. What makes it even spicier is that a few years ago, after a quarter-century of distinguished service, he was fired by *Newsweek*, which is owned by Kay Graham, who also owns the other newspaper in the nation's capital. If de Borchgrave feels he has a few outstanding scores to settle, it should make the rivalry between the two papers all the more interesting. Washingtonians can expect the *Times* to provide all the news that's fit to print.

☐ POLITICAL QUIZ: Rank the following in order of sheer human repulsiveness: Krishna Menon, Wedgie Benn, Lowell Weicker, Andreas Papandreou.*

☐ Out on the frontiers of zoning law, officials in Algonac, Michigan, have removed five undesirable residents of a local marina, claiming they were elephants. And in Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania, a local judge has been summoned to decide whether a half-ton porker is, as his owner claims, a pet pig, or livestock and hence prohibited from his backyard digs, a question that nobody has been able to resolve since William of Occam.

☐ Representative Dornan says Representative Downey is a "draft-dodging wimp." Representative Downey says Representative Dornan grabbed his tie and should say he's sorry. Representative Dornan says that'll be a cold day in hell, and he merely straightened Representative Downey's tie. No decision was announced, and no legislation resulted.

☐ An unexpected but sharp clash has erupted over a claim in the *Wall Street Journal* that James Baker wears "the best ties by far in the official Reagan family." "Nonsense," sniffs our friend Don Lipsett of the Decatur Shop (North Adams, Mich. 49262), maker of the famed Adam Smith tie worn by Secretaries Shultz and Weinberger, Ed Meese, and other Administration worthies. Chiming in on behalf of Adam Smith, the board of the Invisible Hand Society fired back that "the Adam Smith tie makes a *statement*, to wit: 'Cut spending! Cut taxes!' . . . If Mr. Baker's ties could speak, all they'd say is 'Stripes! Polka dots!' It's no contest. Adam Smith ties win four-in-hands down."

☐ Major Arthur Nicholson inadvertently died for his country in East Germany when a Soviet guard made the snap judgment that he didn't belong where he was. We no longer point out that Soviet guards don't belong in Germany.

Pakistan & the Bear

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV'S first serious act of diplomacy after being named General Secretary of the CPSU was a less than propitious omen of things to come. President Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan had traveled to Moscow to attend the funeral of Konstantin Chernenko, only to be sat down and severely chided by Gorbachev for supporting "aggression" against Afghanistan from Pakistani soil. The new Soviet leader warned Zia in no uncertain terms that Soviet-Pakistani ties would be affected in a "most negative" way if he continued to support the resistance in Afghanistan.

Gorbachev's hospitality marks the intensification of an ongoing Soviet campaign of intimidation aimed at Pakistan. Soviet troops in Afghanistan have since executed a sweep along the Afghan-Pakistani border, evidently with the dual purpose of wiping out key resistance posts near the border and cowing Islamabad in the process. The next step may well be direct Soviet air attacks against some of the resistance camps located on the Pakistani side of the border. Some air attacks of this nature took place earlier in the war—albeit allegedly using Afghan, rather than Soviet, pilots. Further attacks—at a time when Soviet academic circles are said to be discussing the "artificiality" of Pakistan's borders—could raise tensions in the region sharply.

To Zia's credit, his response to Gorbachev's bullying was swift and courageous. Upon returning from Moscow, he addressed the Pakistani parliament and strongly reaffirmed his commitment to supporting the Afghan resistance. For this act alone Zia is deserving of a boost in military and economic assistance from the United States.

Aside from the implications of Moscow's latest intimidation campaign for the stability of South Asia, there is another, even more critical message, which must not be overlooked: Gorbachev has already assumed the role of a traditional Soviet-style thug. Given an opportunity to play the role of statesman on the solemn occasion of Comrade Chernenko's funeral, Gorbachev chose instead to single out a small country's president, a guest at the funeral, for a rude dressing down.

Upon Gorbachev's accession to power, considerable

* Answer: You're right.

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Gorbachev, Revealed

The anchormen are upbeat,
  While correspondents probe
Old *Pravdas* to confirm he's
  No Leopold or Loeb.
Phil Donahue's euphoric;
  John Chancellor pulls chimes,
While little rays of sunshine
  Light up the *New York Times.*

W. H. VON DREELE

speculation centered on his relative youthfulness and what it meant for the future of East-West relations. Either he was the representative of a new technocratic generation, a closet reformer who would gradually emerge as the Deng Xiaoping of Russia; or he was an aggressive Young Turk, a child of the Soviet system whose youth and competence would prove to be a source of constant trouble for the whole world. While the man remains very much an unknown factor, the outlines of a less than encouraging visage are beginning to emerge.

MX Logic

TO BUILD or not to build the MX missile has become the most perennial defense issue that Congress faces and faces and faces. Dozens of votes have been taken in the House and Senate, and last week's crucial vote did not mark the end of the issue. The House and Senate will vote again next year on funds for yet another batch of the missiles, as the Administration reaches for the goal of one hundred recommended by the Scowcroft Commission (half the number hardliner Jimmy Carter wanted to build).

The Administration's all-out campaign for the MX on Capitol Hill based its case largely on the argument that it made no sense to abandon a major strategic program unilaterally just as arms-control talks with the Soviets were beginning in Geneva. This argument is sound enough, but may not suffice to carry the day next year, when Geneva will be old hat and any lack of progress at the talks blamed, naturally, on the United States. The Administration should build its case more around the *military* logic of the new missile, a logic that is not likely to go away even if a treaty is signed in Geneva. Since the early 1970s, when the SALT I treaty was signed, the United States has not deployed a single new ICBM. The USSR over the same period has built three new varieties of multiple-warhead missiles—including the SS-18 missile, with by far the largest payload of any offensive missile in the world—and developed a fifth generation of mobile ICBMs: the SS-X-24 and the SS-X-25, one of which must be in violation of the SALT II treaty, which allowed each side to build only one new type of missile. This massive and unprecedented buildup has given the Soviet Union the capability to destroy large numbers of U.S. ICBM silos in a single attack.

The U.S. Minuteman force, by contrast, lacks the accuracy to pose any similar threat to Soviet silos, most of which have been super-hardened in recent years. The Minuteman, moreover, is an aging system, designed in the 1950s and built in the 1960s. Missiles, like automobiles, must be replaced eventually, or their reliability declines to unacceptable levels. The MX missile will be vastly more versatile, safer to handle, and more reliable than the Minuteman, and its accuracy will serve as a counter to the heavy Soviet missiles deployed in recent years—thus redressing a badly out-of-kilter nuclear balance that has given Moscow important, if subtle, political advantages over the United States in world affairs.

Critics of the MX argue that land-based missiles will always be vulnerable, and that the U.S. should therefore abandon any attempt to modernize this leg of its strategic triad. But failure to modernize the land-based leg of the triad would mean the Soviets could concentrate future efforts on countering the submarine leg and the bomber leg—thus reducing the stability and robustness of our nuclear-deterrent forces. A failure to carry through with the MX program would erode deterrence and might actually increase, rather than reduce, the probability of nuclear war.

Old Soldiers Never Go Broke

SUPPOSE, back in the Sixties, the United Auto Workers had signed a contract with Chrysler providing that its members could normally retire after just twenty years on the job at half their base pay. Unlike nearly all private-sector pensions, these would be totally adjusted for inflation as time went on. The pensions were large enough that their present value amounted to 36 per cent of Chrysler's payroll, as opposed to 10 per cent for other big companies. Full health benefits were thrown in, and even subsidized stores providing groceries and household goods.

As time went on and workers learned to take advantage of this option, their average retirement age dropped to 42. This maximized the value of the pensions to them, since the benefits were being paid over an expected thirty or forty years of post-retirement life instead of ten or twenty. A 39-year-old retiree with a $25,000 salary would receive more than $1 million in lifetime benefits. Pension outlays tripled (before adjusting for inflation) between 1972 and 1980, then doubled again to the forecast 1989 figure. Unlike all other private employers, however (we are still supposing), Chrysler did not bother to set aside

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money to meet its pension obligations; it just assumed the money would turn up as needed.

The parties to this retirement pact are not, of course, Chrysler and the UAW; they are the United States Government and its military forces. "By 1989," as Edward Luttwak writes, "the cost of these pensions will approximate the present level of the entire British defense budget." Saving money is one good reason to support David Stockman and the Grace Commission on the pension issue, but there is another good supply-side reason: The current pension structure gets the incentives all wrong.

The present system is justified as a way to get people out of the service at forty or thereabouts. As Navy Under Secretary Seth Cropsey puts it, "What you're paying for is a younger work force." This made obvious sense in the days when most service jobs demanded a lot of brawn as well as brain, although it might be noted that European armies are older than ours and that Napoleon had the oldest army in Europe. But in modern professional and technical fields, people in their forties and fifties are the ones most sought after, as the richest in experience and knowhow and needing no training. This applies even in areas such as aviation and chemical engineering, in which life-and-death matters depend on quick reflexes and instant recall. When airlines run ads to reassure us that their crews are top-notch, the pilots typically have a streak of silver in their hair. They are the same pilots the pension system is meant to boot out of the Air Force, to be replaced with 25-year-olds at great expense.

Reforming military pensions will not necessarily lead to quick budget savings, since a sensible plan might include increases in base or hazardous-duty pay, faster "vesting" of benefits, and other compensations that might serve better in recruitment than the distant prospect of a lot of money. But making massive future commitments in order to forestall the need for current pay raises is a policy so foolish that even big-city mayors are finally learning to avoid it. Congress should too.

'Celeste Time We Trust Him With Our Money

LET'S HOPE Ohio Governor Richard Celeste never gets near the nuclear button. If he's as hotheaded about defense as he seems to be about banking, he'd turn a border skirmish into World War III.

When a few Ohio savings & loans got into trouble following a nasty fraud case in Florida, the liberal governor shut down the state's whole system of privately insured savings banks, even though some of them protested that they could pay their obligations in full and wanted to stay open. (Officials sent in the state police to padlock one dissenter.) Republican critics have charged Celeste with conflict of interest, since one of his political cronies, a key Ohio Democratic fundraiser, has been implicated in the fraud allegations. But whether or not that charge sticks, the case reflects little credit on the politicians.

Executives quoted in the *Washington Post* said, in the words of reporter James L. Rowe Jr., that "the state turned a serious problem into a system-wide crisis by shutting all seventy of these savings & loan associations when only a handful were facing serious withdrawals. Those withdrawals amounted to less than $100 million at institutions that had total deposits of more than $4 billion." Moreover, the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland was prepared to inject liquidity into the Ohio S&Ls to keep them solvent, the same way the Fed would probably step in to secure the stability of the federal-deposit-insurance scheme. (Whether such rescues are a good idea is a question for another day; it could be that letting depositors bear some risk is the only really effective way to discipline bank behavior.)

Almost lost in the media coverage was this fact, which the *Washington Post* dug up: "Of the 21 savings & loan associations paying the highest rates in the country, . . . all are privately insured rather than federally insured." Thus, if a panicky Congress decides to force all S&Ls into the federal fold, consumers will lose an enormous amount of money—not in one dramatic swoop, but little by little in the form of lower interest. A better way would be to allow the private deposit-insurance funds to strengthen themselves by combining across state lines.

Trouble in Manila

THE PHILIPPINES are in deep trouble. The trial of chief of staff General Fabian Ver, along with 25 other military officers, is but one indication of the dire political straits this archipelago nation is in. General Ver and his fellow officers are charged with involvement in the assassination of former senator Benigno Aquino on his return to Manila in August 1983. Their apparent complicity in that deed reflects the massive corruption plaguing the armed forces of the Philippines—a corruption that once could be winked at, but that now threatens the capacity of the nation to avoid a disastrous revolution.

Since the Aquino assassination—which triggered widespread demonstrations against the regime in Manila—President Ferdinand Marcos has taken a number of steps to restore some semblance of democracy to the Philippines. The most significant of these was to allow a semi-genuine election to take place in May 1984—an election that revealed the precariousness of his own position when opposition parties gained fully a third of the seats in the national assembly, despite

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widespread election fraud and a boycott organized by the more radical opposition parties. Marcos's own health is failing, and he has apparently split with his powerful consort, Imelda, and lost a measure of the security and counsel that that relationship once gave him. The Reagan Administration is pressuring him toward reform as the only hope of saving his government from collapse, but progress toward political reform is hindered by a stagnant economy and an onerous national debt. In the background—most ominous of all—is a deeply rooted Communist insurgency in the Philippine hinterland. Once considered not a serious threat, the insurgency has grown rapidly in recent months, and loud alarm bells are beginning to ring in Washington.

Aided by the climate of open opposition to Marcos that now prevails in the Philippines, and abetted by the ineptness and corruption of the army, this insurgency has recently become much bolder in its military actions, even displaying some capability to engage in conventional, as opposed to guerrilla, military operations. History suggests that the transition to conventional operations is a key turning point in any insurgency.

All the signs taken together—an ailing leader whose popularity is fading, a restive population, a growing Communist insurgency, a weak economy, and a military both incompetent and corrupt—suggest that the Philippines may emerge as *the* crisis point of the 1980s for U.S. foreign policy. During similar crises in the past—in Iran, Nicaragua, and Ethiopia, to take a few recent examples—the United States has done too little too late. U.S. diplomacy has sprung into action only when the internal threat to a Third World ally has reached virtually insurmountable proportions.

The Reagan Administration recognizes that steps must be taken early if the Philippines is to avoid the abyss. But realizing the imperative of reform is alone insufficient, and can even be counterproductive if pressures on the existing government to reform only serve to weaken it, while creating conditions that allow revolutionary forces to unleash an offensive. The United States should focus on the need for thoroughgoing reforms in the Philippine military while continuing to provide economic aid and qualified political support to the present government, lest chaos, rather than measured change, overwhelm it.

Langdon, *Punch*/Rothco

"People who envy our vast oil wealth have never had to endure an OPEC meeting."

Greece Lurches Forward

THE RESIGNATION of Constantine Karamanlis as president of Greece was the inevitable consequence of a sudden turn to the left by the Socialist government of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou. Grand old man of Greek politics that he was, Karamanlis, the founder of the conservative New Democracy Party, had always been uncomfortable with Papandreou's dreary brand of anti-American Socialism, but had ably and willingly served in the nonpartisan post of president in order to provide a counterweight to the Socialists. Karamanlis resigned when it became clear that Papandreou would seek to put forward his own candidate for president—despite previous promises of support for Karamanlis and despite the fact that such a move will force Papandreou to rely on the Communists in parliament for the votes he needs in order to rule.

The decision to abandon Karamanlis seems to be a deliberate attempt on the part of Papandreou to curry favor with leftist elements in the Greek electorate, particularly the Communists. The move is certain to polarize an already divided country and will likely touch off some violence in the streets of Athens.

Papandreou's left turn could have potentially disastrous consequences for Greece's relationship with its Western allies. Ever since Papandreou's electoral triumph in 1981, on a platform calling for Greek withdrawal from NATO and the closing of U.S. bases, Greece has been the troubled black sheep of the NATO family—combining virulent anti-American rhetoric with peace feelers to Moscow, and confounding NATO summit meetings with dissenting votes (thus spoiling the unanimity required by the ground rules of the alliance). Papandreou has commended Jaruzelski's rule in Poland and has openly declared that KAL 007 was on a spy mission for the United States when shot down. Yet despite the rhetoric, Greece has remained in the alliance and thus far has refrained from forcing the shutting down of U.S. bases.

It is doubtful that the uneasy peace between Greece and the rest of NATO can endure much longer in the light of Karamanlis's resignation, nor should the United States allow Greece to drift further leftward without penalty or reproof. Washington should make it clear that it cannot long tolerate an anti-American regime allied with a pro-Soviet Communist Party as a member in good standing of the Western Alliance. Some of the medicine recently given to New Zealand

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should also be given to Greece, along with a massive increase in military aid to Turkey—the one message no Greek will misunderstand.

A Conversation

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW was recently the venue of a debate between two exiled writers from the Communist world, Milan Kundera and Joseph Brodsky. Too complex to be summarized in a brief editorial, their exchange nevertheless merits notice.

Kundera, the Czechoslovakian novelist, began an essay on the fiction of Diderot with a memory of the Prague Spring and its suppression. One consequence for him of that period was an aversion to the work of Dostoyevsky, whose "universe of overblown gestures, murky depths, and aggressive sentimentality"—associated, in his mind, with the Russian character, and particularly the Russian invasion—came to "repel" him. "The elevation of sentiment to the rank of a value," he realized, "date[d] back quite far. . . . The history of Christian society is an age-old school of feelings," beginning with the Crucifixion (which "taught us to cherish suffering"). "But from the Renaissance on," Kundera continues, "this Western sensibility has been balanced by a complementary spirit: that of reason and doubt, of play and the relativity of human affairs. It was then that the West truly came into its own." And so on to Diderot.

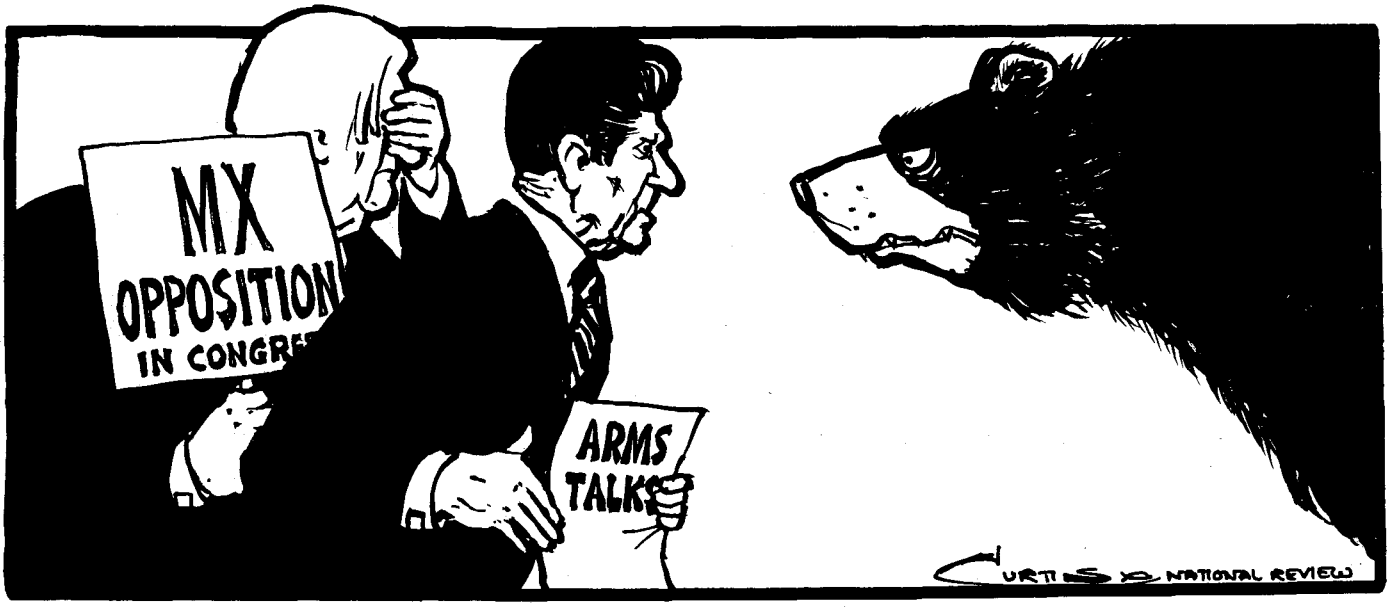
Joseph Brodsky, the Russian poet, spends most of his reply defending Dostoyevsky. But he also corrects some of Kundera's Will Durant-ish history, with regard both to Russia, and to the entire West. "The atrocities that were and are committed in [the Soviet Union] were and are committed not in the name of love," but of a "concept of historical necessity" that was "the product of rational thought. . . . In short, on seeing a Russian tank in the street, there is every reason to think of Diderot. . . . Western civilization and its culture . . . is based first of all on the principle of sacrifice, on the idea of a man who died for our sins. . . . Shedding blood is no joy; it may not even qualify as a small imitation of Christ; but as long as man is prepared to die for his ideals, those ideals are alive."

The debate may be said to reflect, on a literary and aesthetic level, some of the same tensions explored by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov in their exchanges of letters during the Seventies (Kundera refers in passing—critically—to Solzhenitsyn's Harvard commencement address). It is a subject of interest to all Western men, and especially, given the two debaters, to the men who inhabit their countries. And isn't it a crime, and yet one more indictment of the system Kundera and Brodsky have both fled, that it has to be fought out in the pages of a newspaper published on a different continent?

College-Admissions Time

THE THIN AND the thick envelopes are about to go out to millions of high-school seniors around the country, the thin envelope being a polite rejection, the thick one containing an acceptance letter and still more forms to fill out.

Admission to the more prestigious schools has become almost absurdly competitive. In the case of some twenty or so schools, there are ten or more applicants for each available space in the freshman class, and even these applicants have undergone a preliminary screening, their guidance counselors advising them



"Whatever you do, don't blink!"

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not to apply unless they have a realistic chance of being accepted.

There is reason for a good deal of skepticism about all of this. Yes—in admissions-committee jargon—you have to have "the tickets." But what are "the tickets"? Among them the SAT examinations, which, whatever their merits, put a high valuation on sheer speed. Is speed a prime criterion of intelligence? Rather a good sentence, even if it took ten minutes to write, than a merely acceptable one that took a minute and a half.

There is also reason for skepticism about the basis for the prestige of the familiar places. Brown, for example, is in great demand this year—probably because it has abolished all required courses. Is that really a recommendation based upon quality? Does it really suggest institutional authority?

The prestige of many famous schools was in fact earned years ago under entirely different circumstances. In some cases reform is in the wind, but you could still arrive at Ancient University next fall and meet Professor Zoo Zoo teaching tom-tom musicology. You could also find a course in, say, Shakespeare; but Ancient University has implicitly adopted a relativistic attitude toward the options.

Needless to say, there is a large file of recent scandals in the college-admissions process. At one Ancient University, for example, minority candidates were being admitted with SATs in the 400s—the 600s being normally admissible; even given the unreliability of SATs, there is something wrong about that. At another Ancient University, being the offspring of an alumnus, until recently, actually counted against you.

This time of year—when those admissions envelopes are going out, some of them thick, most of them thin—is a time of anxiety and absurdity. Applicants should relax. Much of Ancient University is tatterdemalion these days. There is less there than meets the eye.

William Jenner, RIP

SENATOR JENNER, as he continued to be called after his retirement from the Senate in 1958, was a colorful character, an earthy wit, and a spellbinding orator. After military service in World War II, he went to Washington as the junior senator from Indiana. He quickly established a reputation for being, as Democratic Governor Roger Branigan said of him, so conservative he didn't want to try "anything for the first time," and so prehistoric he had been "born in Marengo Cave." Once, while in Pakistan inspecting the Point Four foreign-aid program, he sent a cable to a Washington aide that said simply, "To hell with Point 4." When he went back to Indiana after his second term it was because he thought that "Washington is a madhouse. . . . It always was."

As chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee in 1953 and 1954, Jenner participated in valuable investigations of domestic Communism and its relation to public policy. This earned him the undying hatred of liberals, but the published transcripts continue—as in the multi-volume report on the Institute of Pacific Relations, over which Senator Pat McCarran presided—to be an immense scholarly resource. Anyone reading this material today would be struck by the overall care and fairness it exhibits. This work, however, is less widely recalled than Jenner's unfortunate remark that George C. Marshall was "a living lie and a front-man for traitors." A prime law of our politics continues to be that conservative excesses are never forgotten, liberal excesses never remembered: ask Carter, Mondale, Ferraro, Jesse Jackson.

An Uncertain Deterrent

Earth satellites aren't yet designed
To sense the ocean depths and find
Those silent silhouettes below,
Although some day a "Tally ho!"
Will flash from one to Russian eyes
And trigger when a Trident dies.

W. H. VON DREELE

Leopold Tyrmand, RIP

QUITE SUDDENLY (he had a letter published in the preceding issue of *NR*) Leopold Tyrmand died, of a heart attack, at age 64. He was a lively, contentious, eloquent Polish émigré, an anti-Communist and a conservative who came to light first in *The New Yorker*, which published several sharp anti-Communist reports on the kind of life being led in his homeland. But Tyrmand did not, really, make out in New York. His new-found English was one problem; another, a tempestuous personality of the kind that was happiest ruling his own roost.

This was made possible by John Howard, head of the Rockford Institute. Tyrmand became the editor of *Chronicles of Culture*, published in Rockford, Illinois, by the Rockford Institute. This monthly was unfailingly lively, eclectic, sharp, and provocative. Among other cultural benefits to the conservative world, there were the Ingersoll Prizes, a brainchild of Tyrmand, financed by the Ingersoll Foundation: two prizes, given for outstanding political and cultural contributions to the Western patrimony. Last year's winners were Russell Kirk and Anthony Powell. The previous year's, James Burnham and Jorge Luis Borges. We hope *Chronicles* will continue, and join Leopold Tyrmand's personal and public constituency in wishing him peace, at last.

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Aloise Steiner Buckley, R I P

March 11, 1895 - March 10, 1985

SHE BORE ten children, nine of whom have written for this journal, or worked for it, or both, and that earns her, I think, this half-acre of space normally devoted to those whose contributions are in the public mode. Hers were not. If ever she wrote a letter to a newspaper, we don't remember it, and if she wrote to a congressman or senator, it was probably to say that she wished him well, and would pray for him as she did regularly for her country. If she had lived one day more, she'd have reached her ninetieth birthday. Perhaps somewhere else one woman has walked through so many years charming so many people by her warmth and diffidence and humor and faith. I wish I might have known her.

ASB was born in New Orleans, her ancestors having come there from Switzerland some time before the Civil War. She attended Sophie Newcomb College but left after her second year in order to become a nurse, her intention being to go spiritedly to the front, Over there, Over there. But when the young aspiring nurses were given a test to ascertain whether they could cope with the sight of blood and mayhem, she fainted, and was disqualified. A year later she married a prominent 36-year-old Texas-born attorney who lived and practiced in Mexico City, with which she had had ties because her aunt lived there.

She never lived again in New Orleans, her husband taking her, after his exile from Mexico (for backing an unsuccessful revolution that sought to restore religious liberty), to Europe, where his business led him. They had bought a house in Sharon, Connecticut, and in due course returned there. The great house where she brought us up still stands, condominiums now. But the call of the South was strong, and in the mid-Thirties they restored an ante-bellum house in Camden, South Carolina. There she was wonderfully content, making others happy by her vivacity, her delicate beauty, her habit of seeing the best in everyone, the humorous spark in her eye. She never lost a Southern innocence in which her sisters even more conspicuously shared. One of her daughters was delighted on overhearing an exchange between her and her freshly widowed sister who had for fifty years been married to a New Orleans doctor and was this morning, seated on the porch, completing a medical questionnaire, checking this query, exxing the other. She turned to Mother and asked, "Darling, as girls did we have gonorrhea?"

Her cosmopolitanism was unmistakably Made-in-America. She spoke fluent French and Spanish with undiluted inaccuracy. My father, who loved her more even than he loved to tease her, and whose knowledge of Spanish was faultless, once remarked that in forty years she had never once placed a masculine article in front of a masculine noun, or a feminine article in front of a feminine noun, except on one occasion when she accidentally stumbled on the correct sequence, whereupon she stopped—unheard of in her case, so fluently did she aggress against the language—and corrected herself by changing the article: the result being that she spoke, in Spanish, of the latest encyclical of Pius XII, the Potato of Rome ("*Pio XII, la Papa de Roma*"). She would smile, and laugh compassionately, as though the joke had been at someone else's expense, and perhaps play a little with her pearls, just above the piece of lace she always wore in the V of the soft dresses that covered her diminutive frame.

There were rules she lived by, chief among them those she understood God to have specified, though she outdid Him in her accent on good cheer. And although Father was the unchallenged source of authority at home, she was unchallengeably in charge of arrangements in a house crowded with ten children and as many tutors, servants, and assistants. In the very late Thirties her children ranged in age from one to 21, and an in-built sense of the appropriate parietal

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arrangements governed the hour at which each of us should be back from wherever we were—away at the movies, or at a dance, or hearing Frank Sinatra sing in Pawling. The convention was inflexible. On returning, each of us would push, on one of the house's intercoms, the button that said, "ASB." The conversation, whether at ten when she was still awake, or at two when she had been two hours asleep, was always the same: "It's me, Mother." "Good night, darling." If—as hardly ever happened—it became truly late, and her mind had not recorded the repatriation of all ten of us, she would rise, and walk to the room of the missing child. If there, she would return to sleep, and remonstrate the next day on the forgotten telephone call. If not there, she would wait up, and demand an explanation.

Her anxiety to do the will of God was more than ritual. I wrote to her once early in 1963. Much of our youth had been spent in South Carolina, and the cultural coordinates of our household were Southern. But the times required that we look Southern conventions like Jim Crow hard in the face, and so I asked her how she could reconcile Christian fraternity with the separation of the races, a convention as natural in the South for a hundred years after the Civil War as women's suffrage became natural after their emancipation, and she wrote, "My darling Bill: This is not an answer to your letter, for I cannot answer it too quickly. It came this morning, and, of course, I went as soon as possible to the Blessed Sacrament in our quiet, beautiful little church here. And, dear Bill, I prayed *so* hard for *humility* and for wisdom and for guidance from the Holy Spirit. I know He will help me to answer your questions as He thinks they should be answered. I must pray longer before I do this."

A few years earlier she had raised her glass on my father's 75th birthday, to say: "Darling, here's to 15 more years together, and then we'll both go." But my father died three years later. Her grief was profound, and she emerged from it through the solvent of prayer, her belief in submission to a divine order, and her irrepressible delight in her family, and friends. A few years later her daughter Maureen died at age 31, and she struggled to fight her desolation, though not with complete success. Her oldest daughter, Aloïse, died three years later. And then, three months ago, her son John.

She was by then in a comfortable retirement home, totally absent-minded; she knew us all, but was vague about when last she had seen us, or where, and was given to making references, every now and then, to her husband, "Will," and the trip they planned next week to Paris, or Mexico.

But she sensed what had happened, and instructed her nurse (she was endearingly under the impression that she owned the establishment in which she had a suite) to drive her to the cemetery, and there, unknown to us until later that afternoon, she saw from her car, at the edge of an assembly of cars, her oldest son lowered into the earth. He had been visiting her every day, often taking her to a local restaurant for lunch, and her grief was, by her standards, convulsive; but she did not break her record—she never broke it—which was never, ever to complain, because, she explained, she could never repay God the favors He had done her, no matter what tribulations she might need to suffer.

Ten years ago, my wife and I arrived in Sharon from New York much later than we had expected, and Mother had given up waiting for us, so we went directly up to the guest room. There was a little slip of blue paper on the bed lamp, another on the door to the bathroom, a third on the mirror. They were: love notes, on her 3 × 5 notepaper, inscribed "Mrs. William F. Buckley." Little valentines of welcome, as though we had circled the globe. There was no sensation to match the timbre of her pleasure on hearing from you when you called her on the telephone, or the vibration of her embrace when she laid eyes on you. Some things truly are unique.

Five days before she died—one week having gone by without her having said anything, though she clutched the hands of her children and grandchildren as they came to visit, came to say good-bye—the nurse brought her from the bathroom to the armchair and—inflexible rule—put on her lipstick, and the touch of rouge, and the pearls. Suddenly, and for the first time since the terminal descent began a fortnight earlier, she reached out for her mirror. With effort she raised it in front of her face, and then said, a teasing smile on her face as she turned to the nurse, "Isn't it amazing that anyone so old can be so beautiful?" The answer, clearly, was, Yes, it was amazing that anyone could be so beautiful. **—WFB**

Grant, Lord, that I lose myself in the peace of thy presence, so that when my hour comes, I shall pass through a transition almost insensible, from you to you, from you the living bread, the bread of mankind, to you, the love alive, already possessed by those of my own beloved who have gone before me into thy shelter.

F. MAURIAC

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BENNETT'S REFORM

AT THE TIME of William Bennett's Senate confirmation (93 to 0) as Education Secretary two months ago, public praise for the youthful, rumpled intellectual ran high. Conservatives welcomed the ex-football player with two doctorates (philosophy and law) as the savior of U.S. education. Even Teddy was moved to remark about Democrat Bennett: "He has the capacity to be a great Secretary of Education."

That was before the budget. Since then, Washington has witnessed the battle of Jericho, with Bennett as Joshua sounding the reform trumpet—a 25 per cent, $2.3-billion cut in grants, loans, and other aid to college students. All the myrmidons of the status quo have sprung into action: the National Council of Higher Education, the American Council on Education, the Consumer Banking Association, the American Bankers Association. Bankers and educators, hitherto wary sparring partners, have leaped into bed together, bankers being loath to lose their $200 million in federal interest subsidies (on $8 billion a year in loans to students).

The Administration's plan would 1) eliminate government-*subsidized* loans to students whose families make more than $32,500 a year (although such students would still be eligible under the PLUS program for government-*guaranteed* loans—paying the full 12 per cent interest, not the 8 per cent of the subsidized outlays); and 2) award no *grants* to students whose families earn more than $25,000 per year. When I asked Secretary Bennett whether these earning caps violated common sense in cases in which several youngsters from the same family—whose parents earn, say, $35,000 a year—are attending college at the same time, he was agreeably flexible, replying that he "would be happy to work toward fine-tuning the proposal" to accommodate such circumstances.

The education lobby is one of America's most powerful (8.5 per cent of the U.S. GNP), and it estimates that "millions" of students will be forced to end their college careers because of these cuts. Bennett replies that the reductions are designed "to aim aid at the neediest students" so that budget shrinkage means "a cut-off of eligibility for students and families in the upper one-third of American national income." The lower two-thirds, maintains Bennett, should not have to subsidize those who can afford higher education without loans and grants. "At present," says the secretary, "we're supporting some 13,000 families with incomes of $100,000 a year or more."

The student-loan program is defective in other ways, notably collection. Currently $4.5 billion in loans is outstanding. Bennett's stepped-up collection drive is yielding $200,000 a day. In the college-application process nowadays, requests for financial aid are routine. At most schools 50 to 70 per cent of students receive aid, which means that applicants typically enter colleges and universities beyond their family's price range, leaning on the government to pick up the tab. Academe encourages this. During the Sixties, colleges overbuilt to accommodate baby-boomers. Now colleges vie with each other to fill their dormitories and classrooms, which means more foreign students, more adult education, more internal campus resources marshaled to assist and encourage students to get government loans and grants. All of which, of course, leads to a colossal dilution of standards, which has caused the American Association of Colleges to report this year that the academic undergraduate degree is incoherent—"a meaningless degree," Bennett says, quoting the report's gist.

The Bennett reform started with financing but it doesn't stop there. The secretary also wants the reform to push the humanities: "History, literature, and philosophy at the college level are basic, and ought to be studied by everyone." The teaching of history is "a mess . . . Most school history is not history—it's social science."

Bennett rejects the notion of teacher neutrality in matters of morality and values, believing that it is "the responsibility of adults to contribute to the proper moral training of the young, to teach them by example, precept, and habit what it means to be an honorable person." As to certain debated moral topics like abortion, Bennett believes they "should probably be avoided altogether" in the classroom.

AS SECRETARY of Education, Mr. Bennett will be moving in a field that is awash not only with big bucks but also with outsized egos. Furthermore, many academics see Bennett as a turncoat. So they enlisted some media liberals in their cause and waited for their quarry to expose an open flank. Shortly after his confirmation, they thought they had him when Bennett recommended that students hit by his proposed cuts might cope by "divestiture" of their stereos, cars, and three-weeks-at-the-beach vacations, a remark ripped out of context by the networks in an act Bennett described as "a media mugging." Meanwhile, Bennett's fey and occasionally derisive wit led some critics like David Broder to label him "Ronald Reagan's second-term James Watt."

But the label is not sticking—for two reasons: 1) Bennett has curbed his penchant for barbs, and 2) he has gotten strong liberal support from journalists like the *Washington Post*'s Robert Samuelson, who, in a widely quoted piece, had this to say: "It's about time to dethrone the notion that anyone who wants an education ought to get one. For two decades, this misguided idea has filled colleges with people who don't belong there." □

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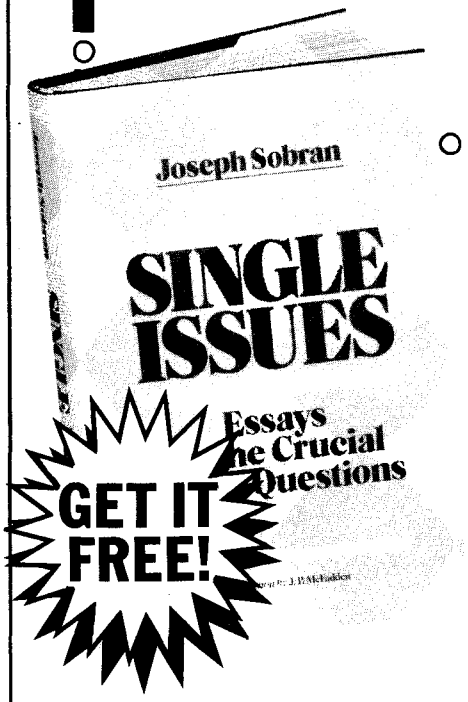

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TROUBLE IN THE PACIFIC

To West Europeans, the Pacific seems impossibly distant, militarily speaking, whereas to Americans it is on their western doorstep. Yet history has left its legacies: The British are aware that they have distant cousins in Australasia, especially when cricketing tours are in the news; and the French still have a few Oceanic specks under their flag, such as Gauguin's Tahiti and New Caledonia.

Suddenly, Oceania is in crisis. To be precise, two crises are unfolding: in New Zealand's relations with the U.S., and in France's relations with rebellious locals on New Caledonia. The two situations are linked, and not only by geography. From the standpoint of this column, the key common factor is the nuclear question.

The recently elected Labour prime minister of New Zealand, Mr. David Lange, wants U.S. naval ships carrying nuclear weapons to stay away from his shores and harbors. The French understand that if they should give independence precipitately to New Caledonia their use of Mururoa as a testing ground for their nuclear weapons would soon be denied, and with that denial France's claim to be a nuclear and global power would vanish.

Military pacts survive to the extent that their members continue to believe that their national interests are thereby served. The ANZUS Pact between the U.S., Australia, and New Zealand came into force on April 29, 1952, and is thus of Korean War vintage. In the 1950s, remember, international Communism was still monolithic, and Stalin was able to fight the U.S. and its UN allies to the last North Korean and Chinese "people's volunteer." ANZUS was part of a pattern that included defense deals with the Philippines, Taiwan, South Korea, and (in 1960) Japan; and of course the now defunct SEATO, enshrined in the Manila Pact of 1954.

Much has changed since then. SEATO started eroding when the French stopped attending its meetings, and it ceased to have much meaning when they and the Pakistanis withdrew. It was disbanded in 1977. Other events that left their mark include the Sino-Soviet rift and the Vietnam War.

In these changed circumstances, the New Zealanders who voted Mr. Lange into power last July were aware that, while reaffirming loyalty to ANZUS, he would ban nuclear-powered and nuclear-armed ships from New Zealand waters. Is Mr. Lange's position tenable?

Personally, I don't think it is. Either little New Zealand (population 3.3 million, armed forces 12,000-plus) is a member of the ANZUS club, accepting U.S. protection, or it is not. Whether the U.S. has overreacted to this challenge by curtailing defense cooperation with Wellington is a matter of opinion. It is illogical for Mr. Lange to complain.

Fortunately, the Australian prime minister, Mr. Bob Hawke, although also of the Labor persuasion, has a far more robust approach to common defense problems. In both countries, of course, the growth of nuclear pacifism is closely linked with that of Moscow-sponsored "peace" movements.

The crisis in New Caledonia is of a unique character because of the unusual ethnic composition of the population. Although the Melanesian Canaques or Kanaks (or those who speak in their name) are calling for immediate independence, they constitute only a minority of the population (sixty thousand out of 145,000), although the largest single group. Some 52,000 Europeans live on the islands; there are also some 12,000 tribalized Melanesians and seven thousand Polynesians. To add to the blur, there has been extensive cross-ethnic breeding. Thus Jean-Marie Tjibaou, the leader of the most militant of the independence groups, the Kanak Socialist National Liberation Front (FLNKS), may think of himself as a Melanesian but cannot disguise his Japanese ancestry.

The New Caledonia crisis seems to have taken President Mitterrand's government utterly by surprise. Inspired, as socialists often are, by impeccable sentiments, it recognized the "innate and active right of the Canaque people to independence." That was in July 1983. Last October, a group of the most radical "independentists" traveled to Paris, then flew to Rome—and vanished. Back in Nouméa, some weeks later, they revealed that from Rome they had gone to Tripoli to get aid and advice from the ever understanding Colonel Qaddafi. They were good learners. On November 21 they seized the town of Thio and held the inhabitants as hostages for a month.

Taken aback, Paris dispatched a small force of gendarmes, but gave them orders to stand idly by (while rape and pillage went on). Mitterrand, noting that the French High Commissioner in New Caledonia, M. Jacques Roynette, was out of his depth, sent a former Gaullist minister, M. Edgard Pisani, with an offer of "independence in association with France." One would have thought this formula had been sufficiently discredited by the Bao Dai experiment in Indochina. Predictably, it was summarily turned down.

The gravity of the crisis then hit Paris: no New Caledonia, no more Oceanic possessions, no more nuclear tests, end of France as a nuclear power? As I write these lines, no solution is in sight. I just add, to provide the missing spice, that one of the independence groups, the Kanak Socialist Liberation (LKS), is Marxist-Leninist and that the French Revolutionary Communist League (LCR) has been pretty active down there. Understandably, the U.S. has been advising Mitterrand to take a strong stand and go easy on independence. □

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Cuba sí! Yanqui no! Buckley definitely!

President John F. Kennedy listens to the secret proposal and approves *Proyecto Caimán*: Operation Alligator. Can anyone tread the deadly, delicate waters of diplomacy between Cuba and the United States (on what turns out to be the eve of the Cuban Missile Crisis) better than Blackford Oakes? He is JFK's personal choice—and co-star—in this, the latest in one of the most acclaimed series in espionage fiction.

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And *See You Later Alligator* is the best yet.

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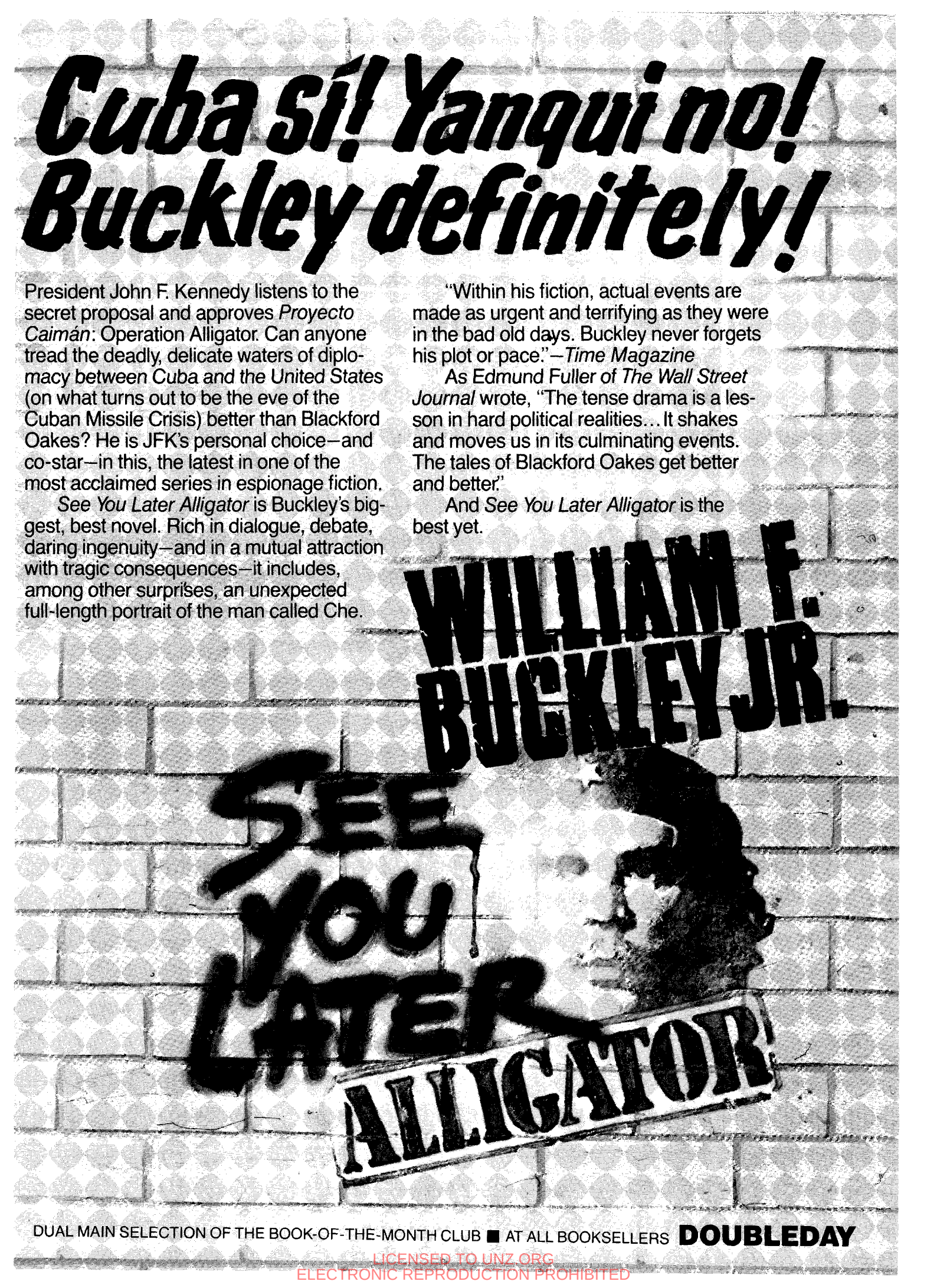

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ANCIENT GODS & CARDBOARD HEROES

"We have not followed cunningly devised myths."
—Simon Peter, companion of Jesus (II Peter 1:16)

ERIC MASCALL, the Anglican theologian, once commented that it is not life's horrors that make a mockery of human existence, but rather its beauties. In other words, in the very moments when we experience the greatest human joy or sense the most sublime beauty, we also know that that joy will pass and that beauty will fade; we cannot hold them. We cannot hold them, that is, unless the Bible and the Gospel it contains are true, and it really is possible, as the Psalmist says, to "dwell in the house of the Lord forever" (Psalm 23:6). If we cannot hold on to human joy and earthly beauty, because—as Isaiah writes—"All flesh is grass, and all its loveliness is like the flower of the field" (Isaiah 40:6), then it is probably better to forget altogether about earthly beauty and human virtue. Let life appear as ugly as possible, and then we will not be mocked by the realization that it is fading and that we cannot hold on to it.

Christians and others have tried to understand why it is that so much popular music wallows in ugliness, in literal filth, in all that is sordid and even Satanic. KISS, Black Sabbath, and Ozzy Osbourne's *Speak of the Devil*, as well as countless other hard-rock, acid-rock, and heavy-metal productions, offer examples quite literally *ad nauseam*. Many Christians (although by no means all) vigorously oppose rock music and the whole rock culture because they find that it perverts the young and creates a climate of unbelief. It is no doubt absolutely true that rock music has a corrupting influence on young people (and not only on the young, although they are most vulnerable to it). But it would be more correct to say not that it creates unbelief, but that it is created by unbelief.

There is much that is beautiful, noble, moral, altruistic, and virtuous even in our fallen world and among fallen men and women. Almost every generation of mankind has produced high ideals of virtue, beauty, and truth, and has held them up to the young as patterns to be followed, goals to be sought. Our own post-World War II Western, "Christian" civilization is virtually unique in destroying ideals and in presenting the young not with heroic examples but with deliberately and aggressively degenerate ones. In the field of music and entertainment, this type of thing may be explained as being simply a sure-fire way to make immense profits. But it is not only the profit motive that is at work. This is shown by the fact that our educational system has also begun to confront the young, in a systematic way, with bigger and worse samples of what is sordid, degenerate, and the very opposite of inspiring. Americans who grew up in the 1950s and earlier were raised on inspiring, heroic accounts of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and perhaps King Arthur, William Tell, Joan of Arc, and other less recent heroes and heroines as well. Often these accounts were prettied up a bit. Blemishes were removed and good qualities exaggerated. But today the opposite is true. "Revisionist" history is not limited to the universities. In the first place, in an effort to be contemporary and relevant, even grade schools may spend more time with Elvis Presley than with Abraham Lincoln. And when heroes of the past are presented, it is not unusual to spend more time on their faults and blemishes than on their good qualities. What little attention is given is certainly far from adequate to compete with the fascination of the entertainment world.

Our culture is still nominally theistic, even Christian. But in fact the society no longer believes in God. As Francis Schaeffer began to proclaim thirty-odd years ago, the Christian base is gone. Individuals still believe, of course, and there are many congregations of deeply committed Christians. But society as a whole has lost its vision of the "house of the Lord." The fascination with depraved sex, with sadistic violence, with the occult, and even with Satan himself that characterizes much modern "culture" can be seen, in a way, as a kind of protracted temper tantrum, like that of a child suddenly told that Santa Claus will not bring anything this Christmas. If there is no God, if there is no eternal life, then this present life is meaningless. Such little bits of joy, beauty, and virtue as we can create and build into it are simply foolishness and self-deception. If that's the situation, then we hate it, and to show that we hate it, we'll make it just as horrible, ugly, and disgusting as we can. That way, at least we won't be deceiving ourselves.

In other words, the climate of unbelief has created the culture of corruption. *Dallas* and *Dynasty* make sense only in a world in which there is no thought of God, of justice,

Dr. Brown, on leave from the Trinity Evangelical Divinity School in Deerfield, Illinois, is interim pastor of the Evangelical Reformed Church in Klosters, Switzerland. His most recent book is Heresies, *published last year by Doubleday.*

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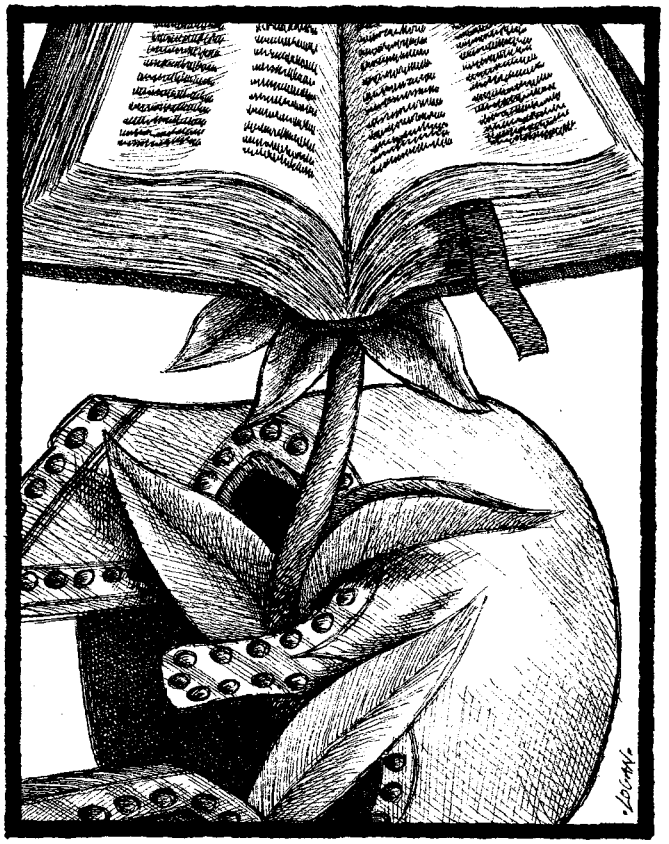
or of judgment. The old Western movie may have been naïve, but in the traditional Western, the evil that men did, they also paid for—before the last image faded from the screen. In the modern culture, the evil goes on and on, and, as Gerhard Nebel put it, "before long the bill has run up so high that only hydrogen bombs can settle it." Probably one reason why modern Europe and North America are so obsessed with dread of a nuclear holocaust is that even though we will not admit it, we are beginning to sense that our culture is so corrupt and degenerate that it is crying out for a holocaust to destroy it. We love the degeneracy too much to give it up, but we dread the impending judgment that we know, in our hearts, it will bring.

According to Paul, Jesus came in "the fullness of time" (Galatians 4:4). Most Christians understand this to mean that He came when the Old Testament preparation was complete. This is true, but it also means more. The Gospel was first proclaimed in Israel, but it spread with wild-fire rapidity throughout the ancient world, through other cultures that knew nothing of the Old Testament. It seems apparent that they too were prepared in advance for the Good News.

In an important but largely forgotten French work, *Dieu dans l'univers* (*God in the Universe*), Victor Monod shows how the natural philosophy of the ancient Greeks helped to prepare them intellectually for the message of the Bible when Paul and others brought it to them. Traditionally, Greece was polytheistic—it believed in many gods. But by the time of the New Testament, the influence of the philosophers had spread the idea that the universe is a *cosmos*, an ordered whole, with a single guiding principle. Thus when the Gospel came, proclaiming that "there is one God, and one mediator between God and men" (I Timothy 2:5), the Greeks were prepared to grasp the message in a way that would not have been possible had they still really been in the grip of a strong polytheism.



Not all Greeks were philosophers, however. Many were still much more influenced by their ancient myths than by the learned doctrines of Plato, Aristotle, and their successors. It is important to recognize that by the first century of the Christian era hardly anyone *believed* the myths of the ancient gods. Hardly anyone believed in Zeus and Hera, Ares and Aphrodite, Apollo and Pallas Athena. But they were still conscious of the beauty, heroism, and virtue that the myths represented, even if in their daily lives they experienced quite the contrary—ugliness, cowardice, and vice. The great tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides taught them that they were caught up in a conflict between good and evil, between the divine and the demonic, and that by their own misdeeds they had incurred tragic guilt. The tragedies did not propose a solution, nor could they. They knew the blind force of fate, of the divine and the demonic, but they had no personal knowledge of the living God. Not knowing the Savior, they could not promise salvation. But they made it very clear to man that his situation is desperate and tragic, and that he needs a savior. In stark contrast to the cult of filth and degeneracy that infects our present-day "culture," classical culture, despite the fact that it also engaged in depravity, still retained, through its myths and its tragedies, a vision of beauty and virtue, of truth and justice, and never abandoned its desperate longing for them. Thus when the Gospel came, and preached that man's life is indeed a tragic dilemma apart from God, but that there *is* a God and a mediator between God and man, many of these ancient pagans were prepared and ready to listen.

Classical culture, despite the fact that it also engaged in depravity, still retained, through its myths and its tragedies, a vision of beauty and virtue, truth and justice, and never abandoned its longing for them

Ancient mythology possessed much that was beautiful. It was an illusion, it was unreal, but it prepared many people for that Beauty which is real and is no illusion. One great authority on classical literature, a man converted in mid-life, Gerhard Nebel (1903-1974), put it thus: "The encounter in Christ that was granted me in these years made it necessary for me to rethink . . . the myth and the beautiful from the perspective of the crucified and risen Lord." Nebel states repeatedly and in many ways that the concepts of beauty and strength, truth and virtue, that he found in the myths did not and could not bring even true satisfaction (not to speak of salvation), but that they did empty the stage, brushing aside the trivial and frivolous concerns of banal daily living, and creating an expectancy that only the Gospel could fulfill.

Nebel was also convinced that the ancient myths cannot

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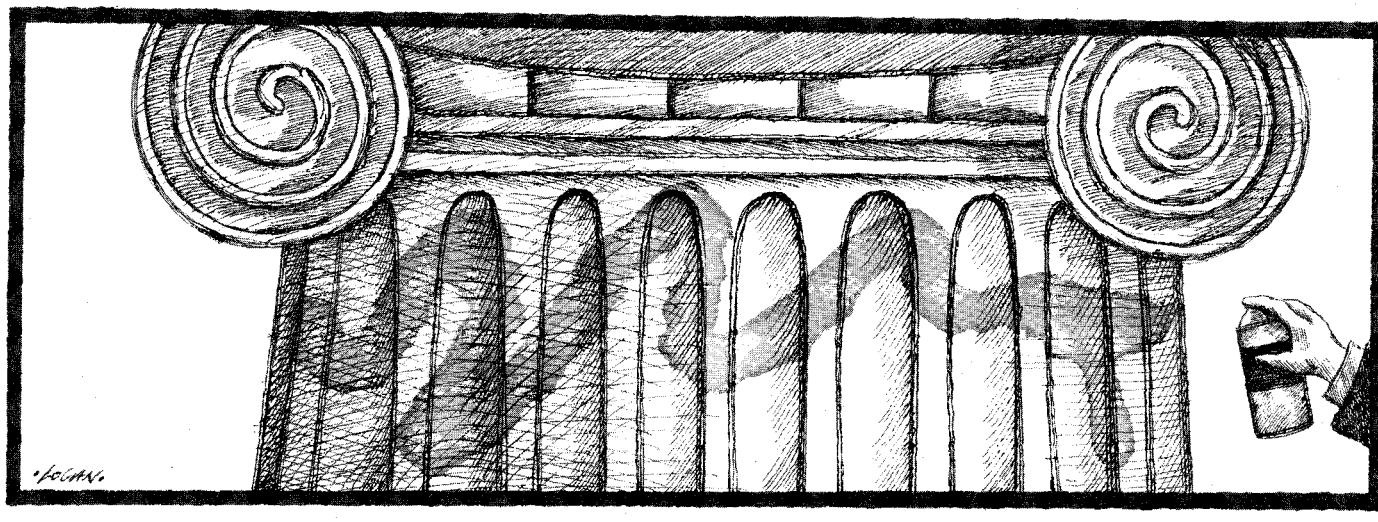

be revived. Their beauty, even with their flaws, is lost as a real force in human lives (although we can still admire them at a distance, like statues in a museum of ancient art). The Gospel is real, and proved far too strong for the gods and heroes of mythology. We can no longer believe in them, nor should we—even though we may learn something from them. The Gospel has displaced the ancient myths. But when the Gospel is lost, when the true truth, real virtue, and absolute beauty that the Gospel represents are forgotten and banished from our "post-Christian culture," then we are worse off than ancient man with his imperfect but beautiful mythology. To borrow Nebel's imagery, we no longer have an empty stage, from which great tragic drama has swept false hopes, leaving us ready to hear the true hope of the Gospel, but we have a pit, a sordid abyss filled with the wretched residue of Western culture. It is from this pit that "Lucifer's darling" emerges and in it that the "Black Sabbath" is celebrated.

We no longer have an empty stage, from which tragic drama has swept false hopes, leaving us ready to hear the true hope of the Gospel, but we have a sordid abyss filled with the residue of Western culture

Is it possible for a drunken man to understand the Gospel? No doubt it is not impossible, but most of us would prefer trying to explain it to him when he was sober. His drunkenness may point out to *others* the misery of his condition, but it usually deprives the man himself of the ability to recognize it or, even if he does recognize it, to do something constructive about it. Ancient philosophy and literature did not have answers to the human predicament, but often they left men with a sense of longing and expectancy that made them receptive to the Gospel when it was proclaimed. Modern "culture," in many of its forms, is more like drunkenness. To those observing it from the outside, its misery, futility, and despair seem to cry out for transformation, for salvation. But to those within it, that which looks disgusting to the outsider seems like that which is most desirable. One is not likely to look for a way out, and even less likely to find it.

Paul speaks of the "eager expectation" or "anxious longing" of the whole creation for the revelation of God (Romans 8:19). Ancient culture, despite its often high, always flawed ideals, could not satisfy this longing, but it did share it and often increased it. Modern culture seems to have lost its myths, debased its heroes, and preserved only its demons. Jesus said, "Seek, and you shall find" (Matthew 7:7). The cardboard heroes (at best) and the larger-than-life villains and demons of modern "culture" are creating such a disillusioned society that fewer and fewer people have the courage or even the curiosity to "seek the things above" (Colossians 3:1).

It would be comforting to think that our popular culture might be renewed and thus offer once again a kind of preparation for the Gospel. In fact, however, the culture cannot renew itself. It lacks the power, it lacks the insight, it lacks the motivation. As Wilhelm Roepke wrote years ago, successful capitalist culture consumes itself, and rots from within. It needs to be renewed by something coming from outside itself. The only thing that is really and truly from outside our culture is the Word of God.

During the Age of Reason—the eighteenth century, when the United States came into being—many people, including the majority of America's Founding Fathers, thought that they could replace the narrow dogmatism of "sectarianism" (i.e., of Christianity) with the broader virtues and ideals of a renewed classical civilization. This hope is reflected in the monuments and ideas of the early days of the United States, so many of which were drawn from the Roman Republic. But such "republican" virtues, which were not as strong as the Gospel, have no power in a world that thinks that it has made the Gospel obsolete.

In the most degenerate days of ancient Rome, there was a deep sense of self-disgust throughout society. Before society destroyed itself, the Gospel was proclaimed, and there was social and cultural renewal as well as new spiritual life. Can such a thing happen once again in Western, "Christian" society? Indeed, it can, but it will require a consistent proclamation and living out of the Word of God, with patience and perseverance, despite the fact that the senses of society seem to have become too gross to comprehend it. □

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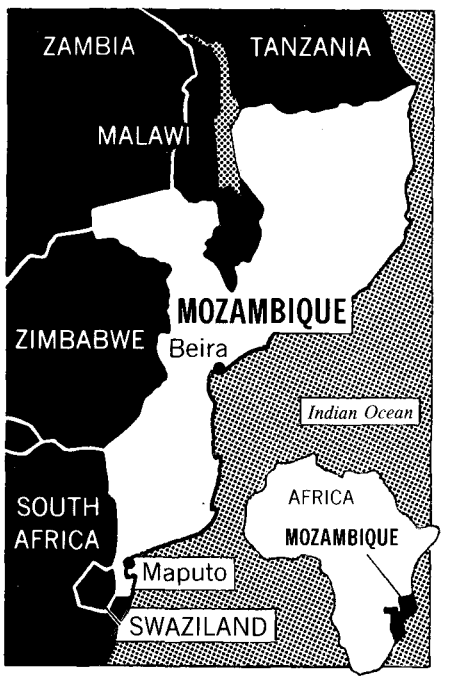
STATE'S SUPERFINE-TUNING

On January 26 Glenn Frankel wrote an article for the *Washington Post*, datelined Maputo, remarking how "incongruous" it was that the Reagan Administration was now supporting "a self-declared Marxist-Leninist ruler of a one-party state," namely Samora Machel of Mozambique. A few days earlier Frank Wisner, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, had visited Maputo (formerly Lourenço Marques) where he had "discussed with Mozambican officials how the United States can aid Mozambique further." The plan, concocted by Machel and Chester Crocker, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was for the Reagan Administration to request $1 million worth of "non-lethal" military aid for the Marxist government, and to request an additional $150,000 to send Mozambican soldiers to the United States where they would receive military training. More than 200,000 tons of food aid have already been sent to Mozambique.



Two weeks later, on February 11, President Reagan's autopen-inscribed signature appeared in the *Federal Register* beneath the following "Memorandum for the Secretary of State": "Pursuant to the authority vested in me by Section 3 (a) (1) of the Arms Export Control Act, I hereby find that the furnishing of defense articles and defense services to the government of Mozambique will strengthen the security of the United States and promote world peace. You are directed on my behalf to report this finding to the Congress."

Mozambique, a country governed in all but name and figurehead (Machel) by the Soviet Union, is fighting a losing war against an indigenous guerrilla force—the Resistência Nacional Moçambicana (Renamo)—that is decidedly anti-Communist and has been, at least until the State Department appeared on the scene, pro-Western.

The Reagan Administration's simultaneous attempt to fund indigenous forces fighting a Soviet-supplied government in Nicaragua, and to fund a Soviet-supplied government fighting indigenous forces in Mozambique, illustrates the remarkable confusion of American foreign policy. In order to understand how the current policy toward southern Africa developed, it is necessary to go over some recent history. The decisive event occurred in 1974, when the Portuguese government was toppled in a coup led by leftist army officers. Portugal was then ruled by a confusing series of coalition governments for two years, in the course of which the Portuguese withdrew from both Angola and Mozambique. Power in Mozambique was seized by the group that had been waging a protracted guerrilla war, Frelimo (Mozambique Liberation Front).

Founded in 1962, Frelimo at the outset had democratic aspirations. But Frelimo's first president, Dr. Eduardo Mondlane, was killed by a letter bomb in 1969, and his vice president, the Reverend Uria Simango, was thrust aside by the new Frelimo bosses, Marcelino dos Santos, a pro-Soviet Cape Verde Communist, and Samora Machel, who at that time called himself a Maoist.

Their plan was not so much to end colonial rule as to change its sponsorship and ideology: from Portugal (Christian, if half-heartedly so) to the Soviet Union (Communist, militantly so). Frelimo took over the reins of power in June 1975—the beginning of Mozambique's "long plunge into a political and social nightmare," as former Frelimo member Artur X. L. Vilankulu has written in an unpublished article, "A Decade of Marxism in Mozambique." (Vilankulu today is executive director of a nonprofit foundation based in New York, Friends of Mozambique.)

"The new Marxist regime of Mozambique was quick to refill the prisons that had just been emptied," Vilankulu continues. "Men and women were incarcerated without trial and in many cases without any sort of charges being filed against them. When the existing jails were filled, the regime began establishing what it called 're-education camps'—in reality nothing else but concentration camps. By 1984, there were thirty such camps holding more than 300,000 prisoners, and that figure does not include the more than 400,000 political prisoners who languish in the jails of Mozambique's major cities."

The ruling oligarchy moved quickly to invite the Soviets into Mozambique and to establish full socialism. Land was nationalized, which is to say the human and civil rights of those who worked it were abrogated, and property rights everywhere were destroyed. It became illegal for citizens to agree with one another as to the terms of exchange, and the death penalty was established and carried out (Machel in attendance) for such "economic crimes." →

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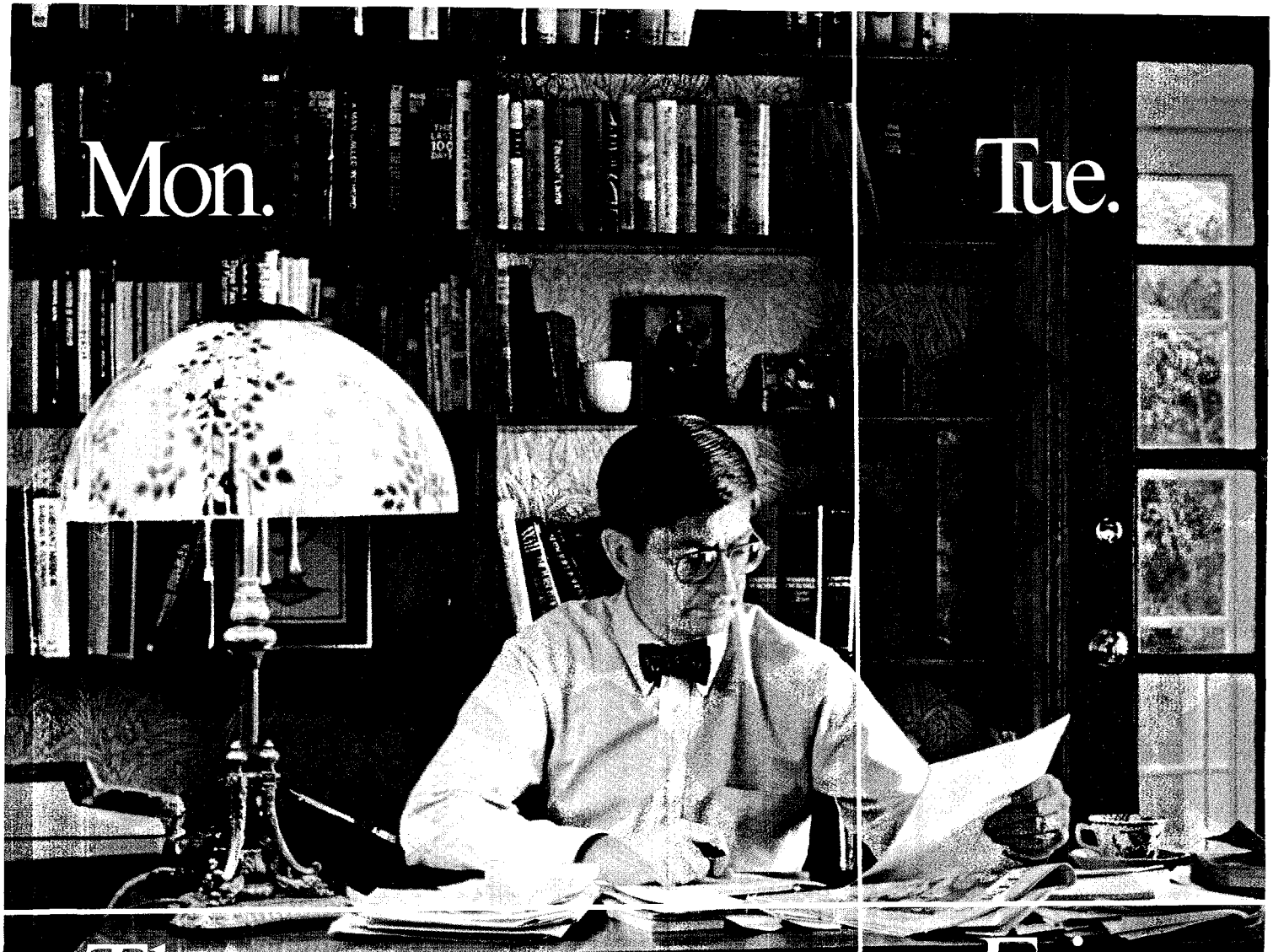

The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

The week was January 12th, 1976. The subject: "Knute Rockne for President."

It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he compared the histrionics of a pregame speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a peculiar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

His witty, erudite style has earned him the respect and loyalty of a large (but split) audience: those who love him, as well as those who love to hate him.

Alternating with Meg Greenfield, our other national-affairs columnist, Will hits on a wide range of subjects: from the future of American politics to the future of the Chicago Cubs.

His column is the continuation of one of Newsweek's boldest innovations in newsweekly journalism: the concept of signed opinions. Pioneered

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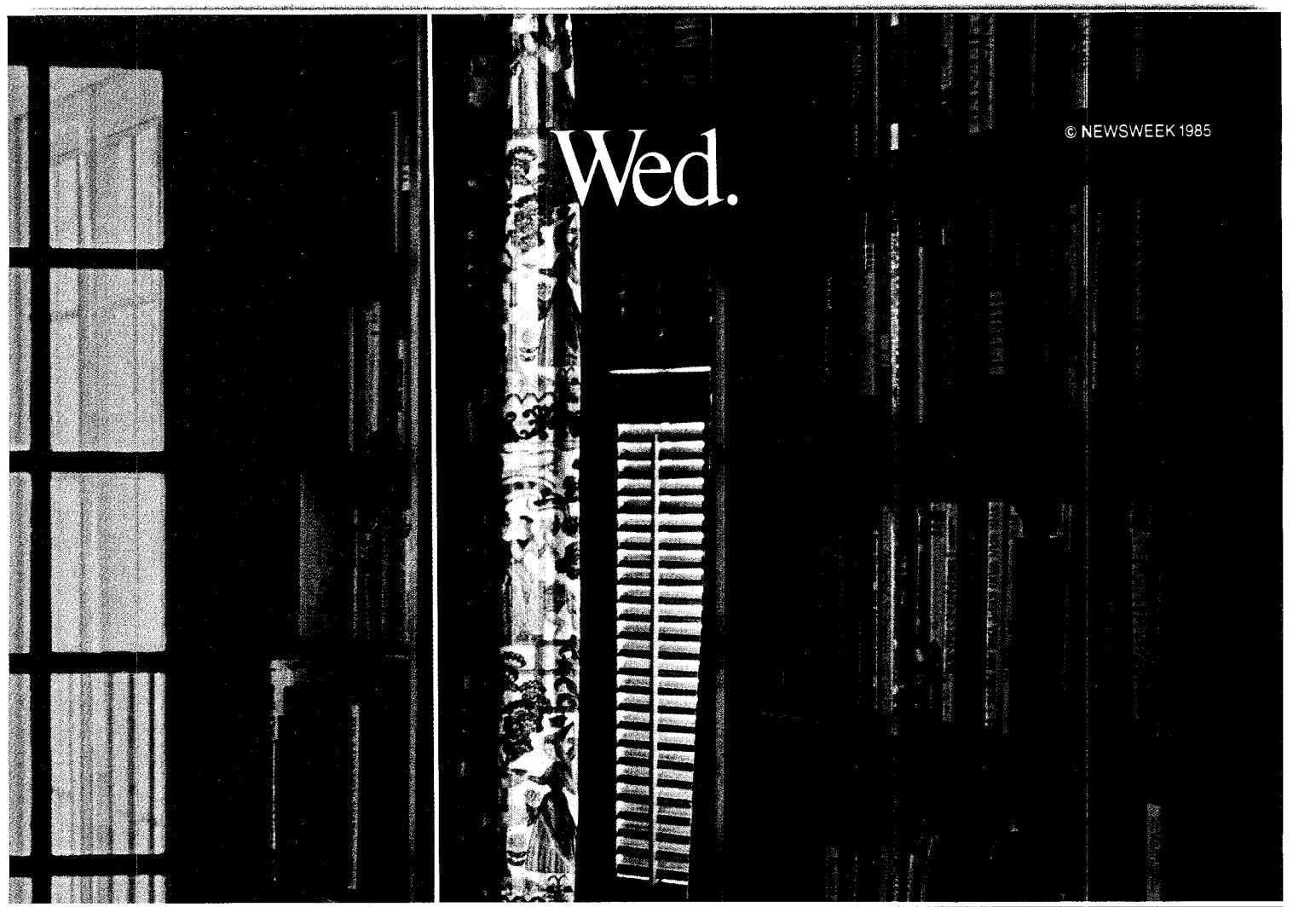

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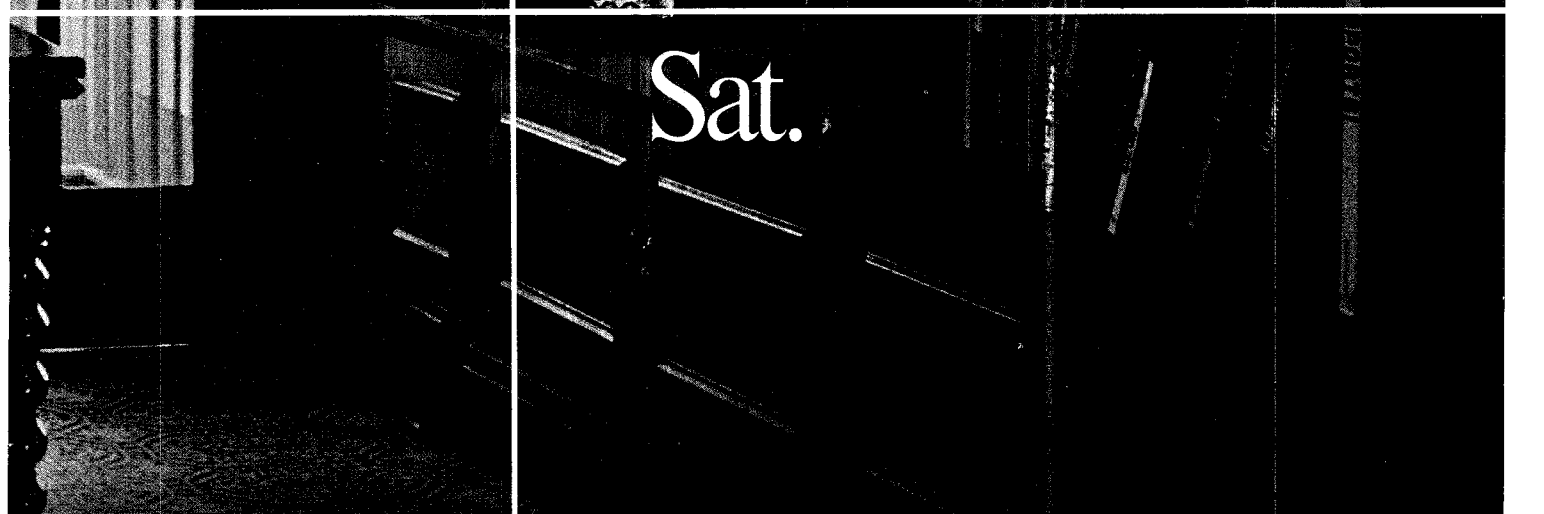

with Raymond Moley's first "Perspective" column in 1937. And continuing through the years with voices as calm as Walter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

In addition, Newsweek introduced the first newsweekly columns on business, economics and sports, the first column authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

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Left-wing intellectuals around the world jubilantly received the news that one more government had swept away all procedural niceties and was attempting to impose the socialist outcome by force. The economy collapsed completely, but this did nothing to diminish the enthusiasm that imbued many news reports. Tom Wicker of the *New York Times*, for example, found "Hope and Discipline" in Maputo; in the countryside he found new communes to which "the rural population is drawn—not forced." Likewise Michael T. Kaufman reported in the *Times* that "Mozambique Is Viewed as Africa's Best Hope for the Flowering of Socialism's 'New Man.'" He euphemistically made mention of "social innovations" through which the government was seeking to transform Mozambique into "a non-racist, non-tribal, non-exploitative, and self-reliant society."

Notice the word "non-tribal." The Portuguese had lasted for nearly four hundred years in Mozambique; they must have been doing something right. Above all, they had not interfered with what Mr. Vilankulu today calls the "traditional political system." Even before Frelimo took over Mozambique, Marcelino dos Santos told Vilankulu that "we are going to get rid of the traditional system, we are going to destroy it." Which is what they have tried to do.

"And that is why Samora Machel is so quickly losing this war with the Resistência today," Vilankulu told me over the phone. "Because the people feel that he does not respect their system." And of course he does not. Tribes are particular, distinctive entities, while Communism strives for universality. As expected, the Communists have also waged war on the great rival universal system, Christianity. "Mission schools are used for military purposes," Vilankulu told me. "To worship you have to ask permission."

KAUFMAN had reported that the new government sought a "self-reliant" society, and the Carter Administration obliged. In this instance, at least, its human-rights policy was consistently applied, and economic aid was cut off. So you could say that a valid socialist experiment was carried out, with no interference or (which amounts to the same thing) aid from the United States. Alas, New Mozambique Man stubbornly refused to emerge from the re-education camps. By the time Heritage Foundation president Gordon Jones and several congressmen visited Mozambique earlier this year, the country was at a virtual standstill: no electric power at all in Maputo; rubble-strewn streets, empty shops, and an almost unanimously hostile population lurking in the bush. (Mozambique has twice the area and half the population of California.)

"Prices are either set too low to produce things or too high to buy them," Jones noted. The routine leftist explanation is that the "departing Portuguese colonials took everything with them." (Most such exculpatory sentences end with the words "including the light bulbs.") Then of course there are the vagaries of the weather, which all countries experience but which socialism invariably manages to transform into drought and famine. (There would certainly be both drought and famine in a Communist California.)

From Machel's point of view, the growing problem was that the Soviet Union, itself bankrupt, was unable to furnish much more in the way of financial assistance to its colony. In 1982 a Soviet army general toured the country and concluded that Machel didn't control it, outside a narrow strip of coastline, and was certainly unable to repay earlier Eastern-bloc "fraternal assistance." Since then, approximately 11,000 young Mozambicans either were sent to East Germany to perform what is essentially slave labor in the factories, or were sent there for "education" and had their passports taken once in Germany. (Labor shortages are an enduring and inevitable feature of Communist economies; what is surprising is how little attention the press pays to the Communist bloc's imperialistic method of resolving this problem.)

It was left to Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* to point to the capitalist solution to the socialist impasse in Mozambique. He visited the country in 1983 and wrote a series of columns, one incongruously (at first sight) for the Business Day section of the paper. Here he encouraged investors to avail themselves of the marvelous opportunities for profit in "this potentially rich but desperately underdeveloped country," which, Lewis reported, was "eager for Western investment" and would welcome "joint ventures." The government had even "invited tenders from the world's oil companies," Lewis related. He made it seem as though profits were just sitting there ready for the taking. Somehow, Lewis forgot to mention that the country had a Communist government.

Marxist Angola, with a recent history analogous to Mozambique's, has been sustained since 1975 by Cuban troops and Gulf Oil, and Lewis surely realized that what Machel needed was his very own Gulf. But Lewis's advertisement for the regime seems to have been ineffective. Gordon Jones of Heritage talked to a government official who spoke hopefully of the impending arrival of Chase Manhattan to build an electric railroad, but no doubt even David Rockefeller would be daunted by the socialist inroads in Mozambique. Mozambique has joined the World Bank and the IMF, however, and Western bankers have (perforce) rescheduled $300 million in debt.

In any event, by 1984 the idea seems to have formed in the collective unconscious of George Shultz's State Department that maybe the best thing would be for the United States Government itself to come to Samora Machel's rescue. Carter's human-rights-based policy was swept aside and diplomatic relations restored. As for the possibility that Mozambique might sustain itself by moving toward free-market arrangements (permitting people to agree with one another as to price), our own new ambassador to Maputo, Peter De Vos, has discouraged the thought. He told one visitor recently that Mozambicans "have had no experience" of such a system, and "wouldn't know what to do with it."

Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus notes that the Reagan Administration's emerging Mozambique policy validates the liberal charge that Republicans really would rather have a "United Fruit foreign policy": If it is in our "interest" to trade, or send aid, or advance loans, then we should do so without fussing too much about the internal affairs of the other fellow's country. Any worry about helping the Soviets, then? Not really. If we trade with them they will be better off—right?—hence less dangerous, and then we will all be better off.

Chester Crocker, who appears to be very much of this mindset, saw the opportunity for a "deal" that would bring

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"regional stability" to southern Africa. An agreement, brokered by the U.S. and known as the Nkomati Accord, was signed on March 16, 1984. South Africa would terminate its reported support for Renamo; Mozambique would throw out the anti-South African resistance group known as the African National Congress.

THE NKOMATI ACCORD—routinely described as Reagan's "one diplomatic triumph in Africa"—has plainly failed. Renamo flourishes in all ten Mozambican provinces (kept going, it is said, with *Soviet* arms provided by deserting Mozambicans), and the ANC's offices remain open in Maputo. And how did the Soviets react when their client Machel started to make deals with South Africa and the United States? The Soviet dog did not bark. And of course Machel knew, or soon figured out, that he would only have to say something about "disillusionment with the Soviets," about nonalignment, and perhaps throw in a few chastened comments about "mistakes that were made," and the U.S. would come running with fistfuls of money. And in that way we would persuade ourselves that Machel was being deflected away from the Soviets.

That is what Machel has done, and so far it has worked fine. On March 1 the State Department issued a policy statement that was foggy-minded even by the standards of Foggy Bottom: "Mozambique has undertaken a serious opening to the West in general and the United States in particular. Mozambique has made it clear it will be nonaligned; it strongly supports peace in southern Africa . . . In a clear departure from past economic commitments to the Soviet bloc and Marxist economic doctrine, it has joined the IMF and World Bank, opened its doors to Western business, and moved to reinvigorate its domestic private sector, especially in agriculture."

A phony barking Soviet dog was flourished: "The Soviet Union has publicly predicted that Mozambique's opening to the West will fail to improve Mozambique's economic and security situation." (This prediction was realistic, of course, but Soviet disapproval of Machel should not be inferred.) The State Department added that its policy is "intended to reduce Soviet influence in Mozambique and the region."

Howard Phillips told me that he had "confronted" Frank Wisner at a Washington conference recently. What were we up to in Mozambique? Phillips asked. "His answer, so help me God, was: 'It is better to have Frelimo in the capital and Renamo in the bush because that way we can keep an eye on Frelimo.' " Phillips paused and added: "Therefore in Managua our problem is solved, right? Because the Sandinistas are in the capital and the *Contras* in the bush."

I subsequently interviewed a State Department official with responsibility that includes Mozambique, but he insisted on anonymity. What were we asking of Machel in return for our money, I inquired.

"Well," he said, "it's a process of give and take. I don't think we want to see this, you know, come out in the press that the U.S. is demanding A, B, and C. Which means it will be perceived that the Mozambicans are giving up their national sovereignty for the sake of Western assistance. It isn't an explicit quid pro quo. It's a mutual back and forth, a step-by-step procedure."

Were we asking Machel to throw out the Soviets and abandon Marxism?

The man paused and said: "I mean, we're not asking him to sever his ties, break diplomatic relations, that sort of thing."

Well, what then?

"For them to share in the economic assistance that will be forthcoming from the U.S., the World Bank, and the IMF, as well as the Western investment, they will have to make policy changes to accommodate this. They will see that it is in their interest to continue this move. Essentially that's why any government does anything—they perceive it's in their interest to take certain steps."

His first mistake surely is to think that a Soviet puppet regime is just "any government." But let us analyze the problem from the vantage point of "self-interest"—the State Department approach. Samora Machel has a personal bodyguard of Cubans and East Germans armed with Soviet automatics ostensibly pointed at his potential assailants, but in fact pointed at the back of his head. (The same is true of the Sandinista directorate, I have been told.) This is one of the most sinister and under-reported aspects of the Soviet empire. Machel is firmly locked into a hierarchy of terror, and he cannot escape it even if he wants to. If Machel deviates any more than is needed to reach into Uncle Sam's pocket he risks having his head blown off. That, undoubtedly, is how Machel perceives his self-interest. He surely knows that his counterpart puppet in Angola, Agostinho Neto, died in a Moscow hospital.

Machel has Libyan pilots, and when he flies anywhere there are rarely Mozambicans on the plane—mostly Soviets, Libyans, and Cubans. The head of the Mozambique air force is from North Vietnam. North Koreans have been in the country since 1982. Jack Wheeler recently reported in the *Washington Times* that Machel "is kept in power by Marxist mercenaries: some six thousand to seven thousand Cuban troops and advisors, 1,500 East Germans, two thousand Russians, three thousand Zimbabwean and five thousand Tanzanian soldiers." Vilankulu says that all Eastern-bloc countries are represented, with the exception of

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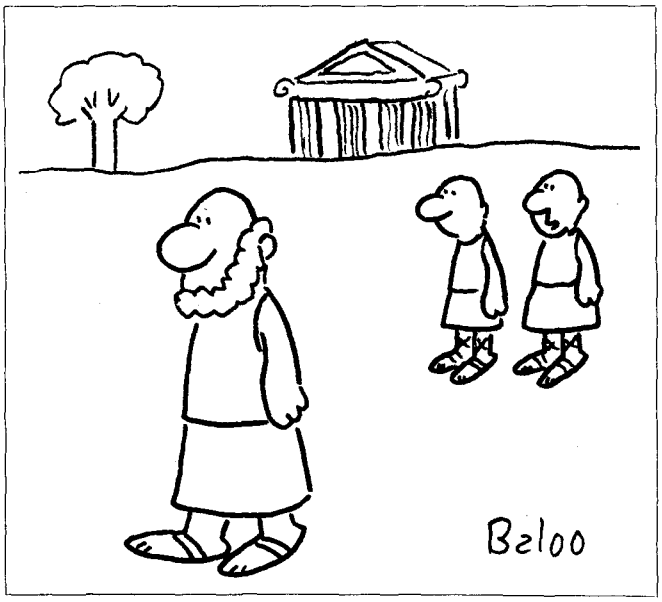

"I understand he used a ghostwriter for his ethics book."

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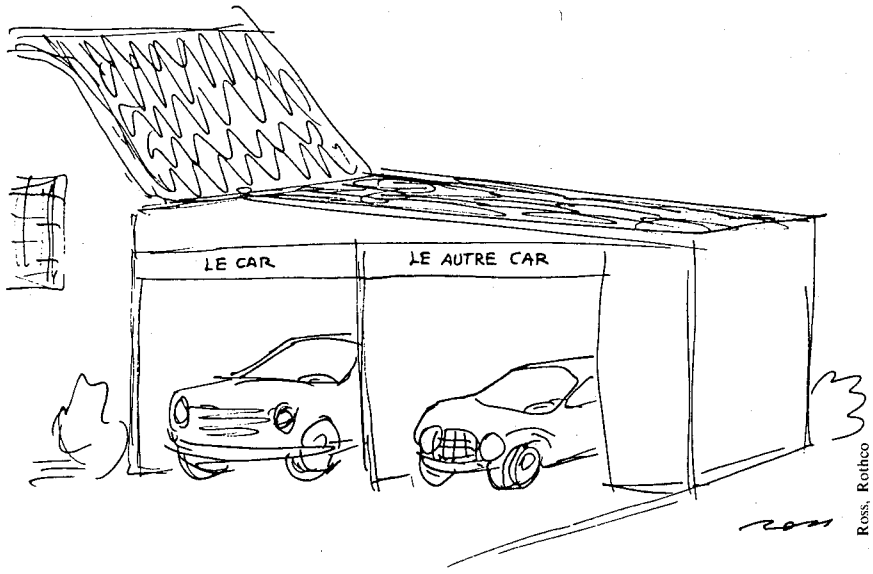

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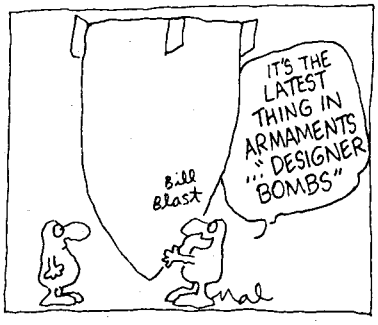

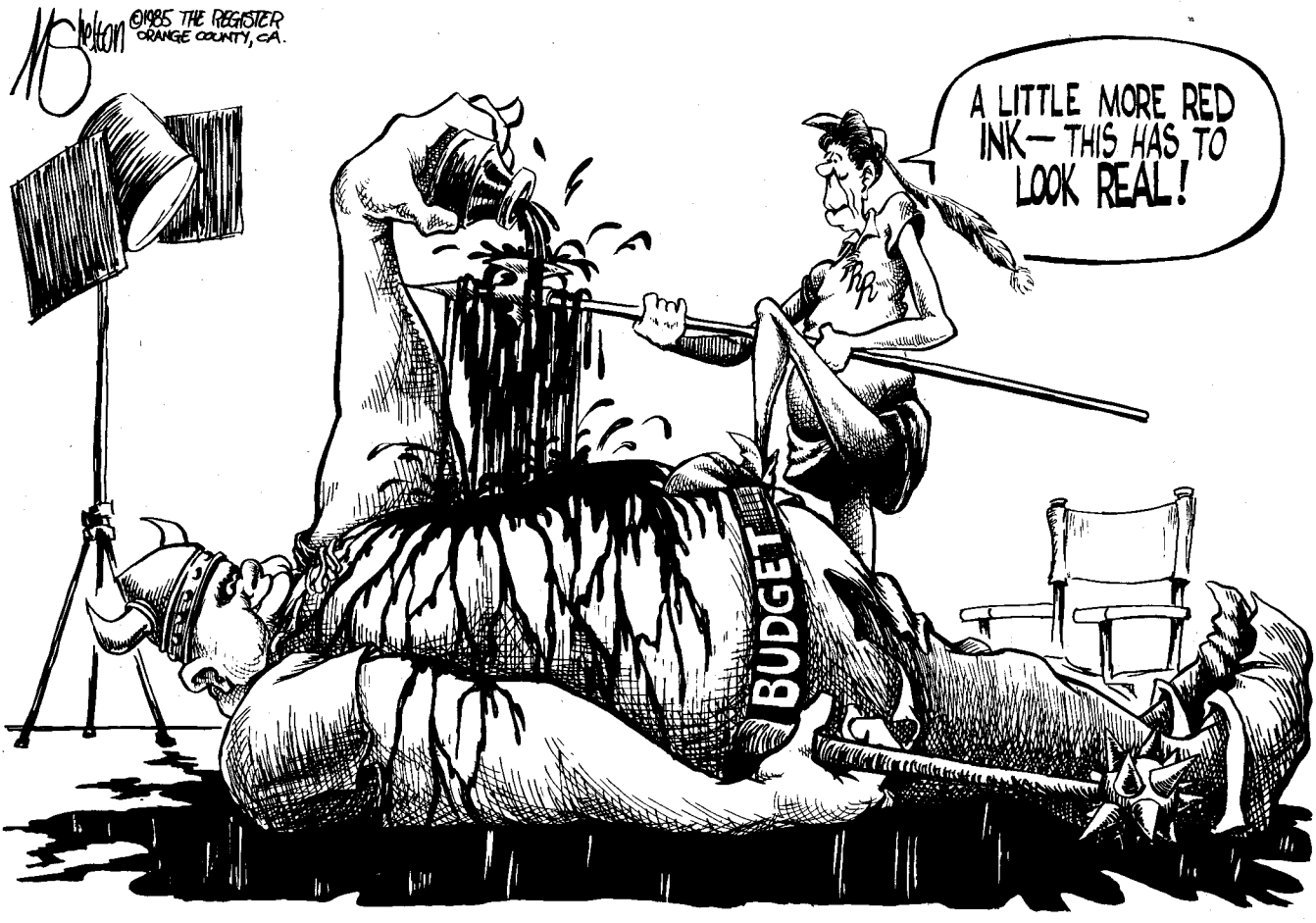

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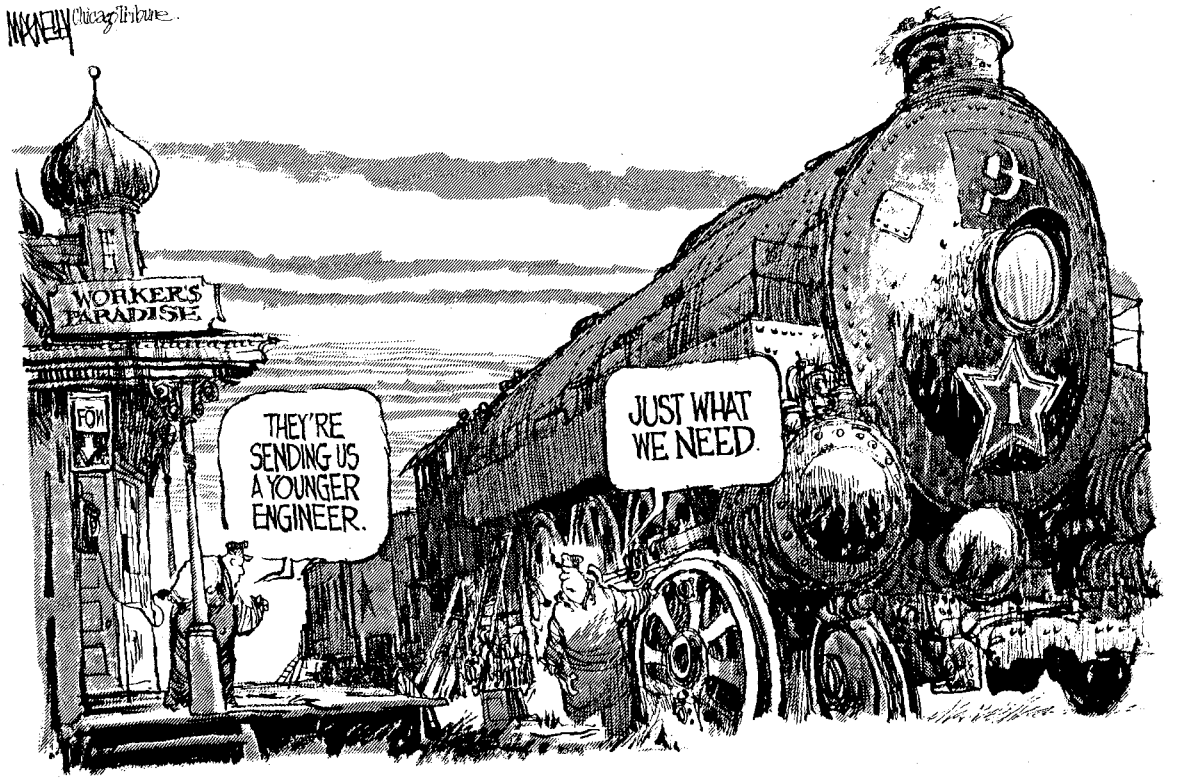

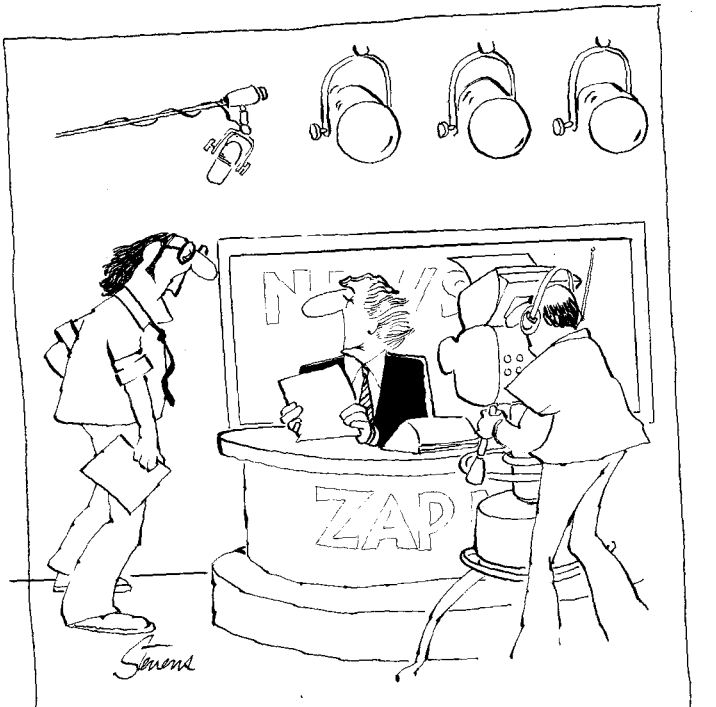

"Now, after the Pretoria segment, Lance, I want you to look into the camera, arch an eyebrow, flare both nostrils, and set your mouth into a grim line—you might even give a slight twitch to one corner. Then, as we fade for commercial, give us a little negative shake of the head and the old slow-roll-of-the-eyeballs-heavenward bit, but make it look involuntary—you know, like Alan Alda, but controlled like Dan Rather."

Seen on the Track

From the rear it wasn't clear
Who was in the jogging gear;
As the figure circled, though,
Even snow-blind Esquimaux
Sensed the pounding silhouette
Signaled Teddy's getting set.

W. H. VON DREELE

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A PRIME MINISTER UNDER SIEGE

"THEY FLEE from me, that sometime did me seek." The predicament of Mrs. Margaret Thatcher is not as great as that of the poet-rebel Thomas Wyatt, who wrote those lines. True, gleeful juxtaposition in the reporting of Oxford's petulant snubbing did mention that the only other politician to whom the university had refused an honorary degree, Mr. Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, had subsequently been hanged. But despite former Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey's bloodthirsty addiction to the phrase "when the condemned woman mounts the scaffold," her problem is not quite so immediate.

With unpopularity, even hatred, she must however contend. Oxford has done its predictable thing; Harold Macmillan, the Earl of Stockton, has made his attack upon the Manchester School economics of the prime minister for the second or third time and done it gracefully to camera; a significant, hostile minority exists within the Conservative parliamentary party; the Church of England, last bastion of nothing very much, has if not thundered then drizzled against her; last and least, Mr. Neil Kinnock has made her the subject of a censure motion.

If all enmity began and ended with the Labour Party Mrs. Thatcher would be without political cares. I listened during the censure motion to Mr. Kinnock, bland and rhetorical, and to Mrs. Thatcher, jarring and statistical. It was no contest. To a much wider degree than is realized, Labour has given up the political ghost. Nothing that happens to her is going to benefit it. As a party it is turning into a demilitarized zone between the government and its potential enemies.

The critics about whom she has most need to worry are the soft, pleasing men of the center, even when, like former Foreign Secretary David Owen last week, one of them delivers himself of an outstandingly silly and illogical speech. What Mrs. Thatcher now has to fear politically is not reason but mood.

This is, or attempts sporadically to be, a radical government, the most radical and the most principled since the administration of Clement Attlee. The radicals of the French Revolution were nicknamed "the Mountain": the cry out of Oxford came from the Marsh. Never mind for the moment the querulous assumption of spoiled academics that they have a divine right to funds without exerting themselves in the world of commerce to win those funds—a belief, in the words of the composer Carl Nielsen, that fried pigeons will fly into their mouths. That is the way they are. The government has to deal with people weaned on transfer payments; and they do not exist exclusively in university towns.

Cries from the Well-to-Do

THE POSSIBILITY exists, to put it no higher, that Oxford's criticism of Mrs. Thatcher will echo through the comfortable towns and pleasant suburbs that historically elect Conservatives. The very weakness of the Labour Party is a temptation; anxiety at the unemployment of other people elsewhere will play a part, and a vague English taste for softer, easier, morally comforting and dead-wrong policies will play another part. But it is probably fear about these suburbs in their *non*-altruistic role that prevents Mrs. Thatcher from taking the steps she should.

Vicarious compassion is still only a hobby and not all that dangerous. The step that, if made clumsily, would send the pleasant places into the camp of Social Democracy would be an attempt to make the middle classes forgo *their* transfer payments.

A great deal of money, in tax allowances, child benefits, untaxed pension lump sums, goes straight to the comfortably off (however noisily compassionate and tempted by Dr. Owen). These are the prescriptive flying fried pigeons of the well-to-do. Yet they represent a wedge of money capable of solving most of our immediate problems.

We are told that the chancellor of the exchequer's proposed lower-earnings tax cuts are unthinkable after the slide of the pound—in which case the poverty trap will subsist unreformed, and the possibility of steadying unit labor costs by letting tax cuts rather than disproportionate wage increases take the strain will also perish.

The very same people who contemplate voting for the Social Democratic-Liberal Alliance to express their compassion for the unemployed would cry out with the same rage as Oxford at the intolerable imposition being levied upon them. We want cuts in Britain very much as we want new airports—somewhere else.

Interestingly, one does not hear the "One Nation" Tories volunteering to make sacrifices themselves. I was treated to a certain *Schadenfreude* at a dinner party not too long ago where one militant "Wet," very sure of his own caring rectitude, swelled to twice his size with outrage at the proposal to charge more for university education. "With one son at a major public school and the other at Eton, I am already spending more than my parliamentary salary—and now this bloody man wants me to contribute to university tuition." But then, with a certain class of Tory back-bencher the gods themselves struggle in vain. The devotion of wealthy people to their welfare benefits almost reaches the level of piety.

Hence the predicament of the prime

Mr. Pearce is a staff writer for the London Daily Telegraph *and* Sunday Telegraph. *This article is reprinted by permission of the London* Sunday Telegraph, *1985.*

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minister. She is under attack from people who want money spent, provided it is not their money, to finance pump-priming and the creation of jobs. They think her harsh and unfeeling, but they keep their own wallets under surveillance. The logical conclusion of such sloppiness is to end up arguing like Lord Stockton, in the most irrational speech I hope ever to hear, that we should at one and the same time spend money to reflate the economy and compete effectively against Taiwan.

Now I know Taiwan at first hand and enormously admire it, but has Lord Stockton looked at Taiwanese expenditure on social services, on pensions, on a Health Service? Has he contemplated the might of the Taiwanese trade unions? Admirers of Martyn Friend's exquisite and unfaultable dramatization of *Anna of the Five Towns* would recognize in that hard-bitten capitalist country an economy built in the image of Ephraim Tellwright. That is why it works, that is why Taiwan had more than 10 per cent growth last year. The Manchester School is nothing compared to the Kaohsiung School.

The prime minister's critics may not all advance arguments so bizarre as those of Lord Stockton, but they display the same watery-minded English desire to have things without paying for them.

This country is in deep and abiding trouble and the prime minister an object of growing animus for reasons that go back long before her election to Parliament. The pound falls because we broadly fail to compete, because even the Thatcher government prints too much money to cover what the country hasn't earned. The critics want it to print more. We have exponentially increasing burdens ahead of us in the broadening field of pensions, the financing of which is blandly taken for granted without thought of the means.

Read the memoirs of Harold Macmillan and, afloat on that sea of graceful mannerisms, you will find him complaining of the dreadful unreasonableness of workers in the new industries and of the hopeless conservatism of workers in the old ones—a failure to compete, a failure to earn. His reaction at the time, and a soft, easy time he had, was to engineer an election-winning boom and to coin the phrase "Exporting can be fun." Tell that to the Taiwanese.

But Oxford and Lord Stockton mesh very well in their lofty assumptions. Oxford expects the money to be kept on flow and screams when told to keep house. Lord Stockton concentrates on style, elegance, and insubstantial felicity. He likes to conjure up, in W. D. Howells's phrase, an "era of good feeling." In that era and after, we funked the question of competitive edge.

Mrs. Thatcher at the Bridge

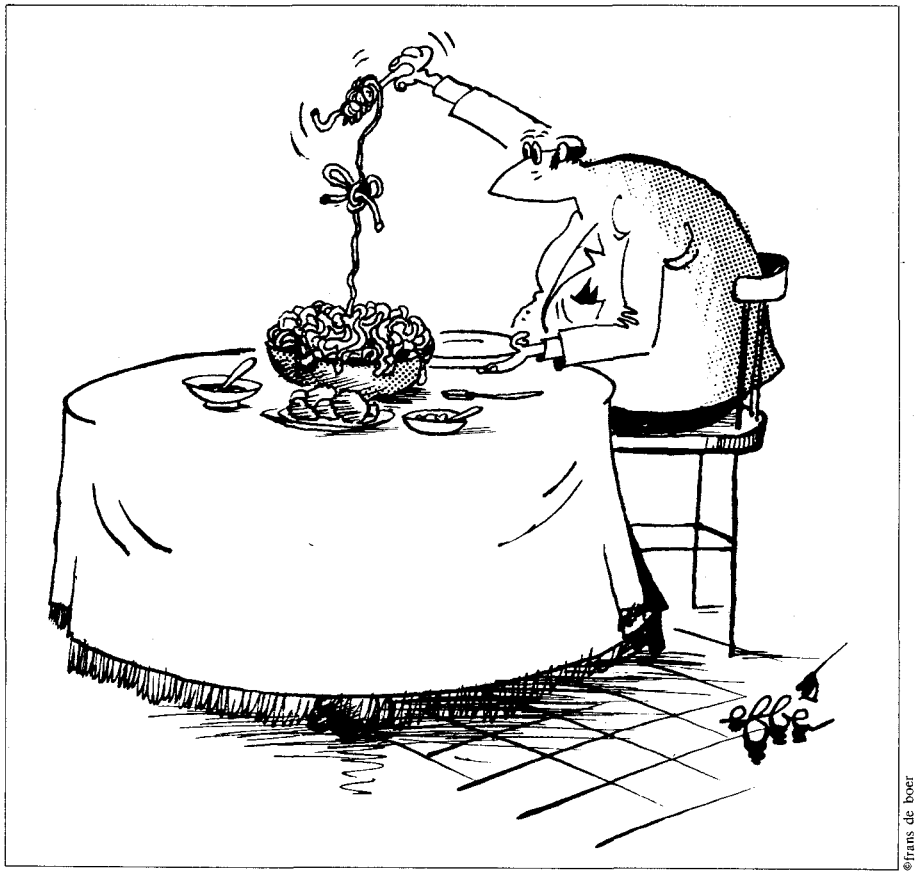
MACMILLAN'S successors ten years later, Edward Heath and the secretary of state for trade and industry, Peter Walker, expanded the steel industry without finding the nerve to close the loss-making plants; they spent money not dreamed of in turning local government into a mechanism for unproductive employment, the consequences of which are with us still.

There is a formidable case for regarding Labour governments as more generally responsible and more competent on the economy than Tory ones. Certainly the first Harold Wilson government and James Callaghan's administration both look better in perspective than their Tory predecessors.

All of which brings us back to Mrs. Thatcher's predicament. For all the mistakes she has made, she has been incomparably the bravest prime minister since the war.

She is on the point of destroying Arthur Scargill as a force, an act not of vindictiveness but of political hygiene. From that victory should flow a huge inhibition, a losing-side psychology among the public-sector unions. There should now be that knock-on effect in public and private sectors alike which is the pre-condition of any competitive ambitions. Could anyone else have done it? For all her irritating characteristics, her contempt for felicity, her occasional touch of Kitty McShane, Mrs. Thatcher is alone in having the combination of courage and stamina necessary for such a fight.

I would like her to be more radical, less politically cautious than she is. But she has given a political party that inclines by taste to a combination of panic and cynicism its nearest approach to real leadership since the war. Of course she has enemies where a Conservative leader might not expect to find them. But contemplating the record of traditional Toryism, the bishops and her predecessors, to say nothing of the marsh frogs of Oxford, she may feel that they do her credit. □



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THE MAN WHO KNEW LENIN

In the Sixties and Seventies I used to see Boris Souvarine every time I was in Paris. We would lunch in a good restaurant and then repair to his office, which was an impressive documentation center on Communism—veritably a one-man Hoover Institution. By that time Souvarine had been largely forgotten; I was probably one of the few people who knew that he had been born Boris Livshitz, a jeweler's son, in Kiev. (He always insisted he was born in Paris.) By that time too it had been forgotten that Souvarine had served on Lenin's Bolshevik councils and that he had masterminded the 1921 Congress of Tours, at which the Communists split from the Socialists.

Souvarine was already well known in international Communist circles before he was twenty. One of the young Boris's letters had so impressed Lenin in exile in Zurich that he had responded to it, an answer that was later duly published. Souvarine was jailed briefly by the French government after World War I for Communist activities, and it was from his jail cell that he urged his comrades—then still allied with the Socialists—to secede from that alliance at the Congress of Tours. This made Souvarine one of the founders of the French Communist Party. The Party took with it the movement's daily paper, *l'Humanité*, founded by the grand old man of French Socialism, Jean Jaurès. (Jaurès had been assassinated in 1914 for his opposition to France's declaration of war.) For a while Souvarine was the key man at *l'Humanité*, his articles as vitriolic then as they would be years later when he was attacking the Stalinists.

By the early 1930s, Souvarine had become more important as an anti-Stalinist than he had been as a pro-Leninist. But I suspect, and the rereading of his greatest book, *Stalin*, confirms, that Souvarine remained a Marxist to the end, with a tender spot in his heart for Lenin. Although like others—Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Korsch among them—Souvarine saw in Lenin's rule the beginning of a deviation from orthodoxy toward betrayal, his pride was too strong to permit him fully to accept this reading of history. He had been present "at the creation"; Lenin had respected his insights and organizational abilities; and Souvarine was never subsequently able to denounce the great adventure of his youth, his own active participation in history. Thus he focused his attacks on Stalin, the fount of all evil, the derailer of utopia.

The First Sovietologist

By the Forties Souvarine had become bitter, frustrated. He spent the war years in Washington and New York, but nobody cared to consult this first of all Sovietologists on what was going on in the Soviet Union. French, British, and American publishers gave him the runaround on his monumental work on Stalin. It had been commissioned by Alfred Knopf in the early Thirties (so anxious was the publisher for the manuscript that Souvarine was told to mail it in chapter by chapter to expedite the translation), but before it could be published President Roosevelt recognized the USSR, and anti-Stalinism was out of favor. Without even consulting Souvarine, Knopf passed the rights to the book on to Secker, Martin and Warburg in London, who did nothing about it. Eventually a truncated version appeared in the United States, but it went nowhere.

Souvarine had no better luck in his own adopted country, where Bernard Groethuysen, a brilliant pro-Communist, advised André Malraux, then an influential editor at Gallimard, not to jeopardize Gallimard's relationship with Moscow by printing *Stalin*. Years later Souvarine revealed that Malraux wrote him at the time: "If you people [the anti-Communists] were the stronger, I would not hesitate to publish your book. Not until then. But, of course, I agree with what you write."

Souvarine lived half his life as if under a death sentence: the silent treatment from publishers, journalists, and politicians. Recognition—the rediscovery of Souvarine—came in his old age, following Solzhenitsyn's Gulag revelations, which finally cleansed the intellectual air in Paris of its Communist-progressive miasma. *Stalin* was republished to great acclaim in 1977, when Souvarine was 82, with a long prologue and epilogue that finally permitted him to bring his accusations up to date. But he hadn't been idle in the intervening decades. He founded or encouraged the best and most erudite journals devoted to anti-Marxist studies. Looking back on his life's work, I would say that it was Souvarine who raised anti-Marxism to social and political respectability.

A Prophet Ignored

It was fascinating to talk to Souvarine even in his bitter old age. He would rail against Roosevelt and Kennedy, the *New York Times* and *Le Monde*. He was the prophet, neglected, ignored. He incarnated the dream/nightmare of this century, the insanity of utopianism. He never budged from his arrogantly held position: The satanic manipulator was Stalin; if it had not been for him, all would have turned out well. Across from him at the table, you could feel it: The war of this century was between Stalin—and Souvarine.

Boris Souvarine died in Paris last December, at the age of eighty-nine. □

Mr. Molnar is the author of the forthcoming book The Pagan Temptation, *to be published by the University Press of America later this year.*

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PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS ABOUT *NATIONAL REVIEW*

(The following are excerpts from the talk given by President Ronald Reagan when he attended the party to celebrate the opening of National Review*'s new Washington office.)*

"Today, we celebrate Washington's birthday, and I can't think of a more appropriate occasion to celebrate *National Review*'s heightened profile in the nation's capital. For if George Washington was the father of his country, NR has been the father of the American conservative intellectual movement. And it's only fitting, at a time when conservative issues and philosophy are finally setting the terms of debate in the halls of government, that NR has come to Washington in a big way. . . .

"Finally, I want to say just a word or two about your Editor, Bill Buckley. I've often thought, when I've been faced with memorandums from deep in the bowels of the bureaucracy, what I wouldn't give to have Bill as an interpreter. A fellow comes in, stands in front of your desk, hands you a memorandum, and he stays and waits there while you read it. And so you read. 'Action-oriented orchestration, innovation, inputs generated by escalation of meaningful, indigenous decision-making dialogue, focusing on multi-linked problem complexes, can maximize the vital thrust toward non-alienated and viable urban infrastructure.' I take a chance and say, 'Let's try busing.' And if he walks away, I know I guessed right.

"But I think you know that *National Review* is my favorite magazine. NR isn't my favorite only because it's fought the good fight so long and so well, although that would be reason enough. It's my favorite because it's splendidly written, brilliantly edited, and a pleasure to read.

"In fact, I honestly believe even if I were to suffer from mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, NR would still be my favorite magazine because of its wit and its charm and the intellectual quality of its contents. . . .

"Let me just close by saying a heartfelt thank you to *National Review* for all you've done for the values we share and for sending reinforcements to Washington at just the right moment. I know that your heightened presence here will be an aid and inspiration to all of us in the movement in the years ahead. And just by being here you help make the nation's capital a little less of a puzzle palace and a little more like our town. So thank you. God bless you all."

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GORBACHEV'S INHERITANCE

CHERNENKO is dead, and the inhabitants of the satellite states of Central Europe wonder what is in store for them under Mikhail Gorbachev. In a near monarchy, in which a certain collegiality stands in lieu of a subservient parliament, the person of the ruler is of crucial importance. But it is also crucial that the ruler understand the ruled. In spite of the common denominator of Marxism-Leninism, life in Poland is vastly different from life in East Germany, and the same can be said of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Communism hasn't yet succeeded in erasing national identities.

Hungary, for instance, has more personal freedom than Poland, where the resistance to Communism is much greater; but those two countries are, in their ways, the freest in the Communist orbit. Where do the differences among these countries come from? There are four key elements (in ascending order of importance): the historic memories of nations, their national characters, their social structures, and their religious convictions.

The German Democratic Republic has little historic coherence, since it consists of chunks of Prussia, Saxony, Thuringia, and the two Mecklenburgs welded together. The Prussian part has a tradition of discipline, coordination, and cooperation—also Protestantism. (The GDR is the only satellite state where a majority of the population belongs to the churches of the Reformation.) Prussia and the Mecklenburgs had a forceful, mostly agrarian, aristocratic layer that provided efficient landowners, officers, and civil servants. But that layer was actually rather thin (perhaps one-eighth of 1 per cent), and its individualistic spirit didn't affect the majority of the population.

In the last free elections, in 1932, the two collectivist parties, the National Socialists and the Communists, scored heavily in northeastern Germany. If we look at a statistical map, we see that the GDR (the Soviet occupation zone) is identical with the area of the highest Communist vote in 1932. Then, after the war, this part of Germany had no intervening period of freedom: It went straight from Brown to Red rule. The percentage of Communists in that region is probably higher than in any other satellite state, possibly reaching as high as 10 per cent (but this is still lower than it was in 1932—an understandable response to the practical experience of Communism).

The Polish situation is utterly different in every respect. The standard of living is lower in Poland than in the GDR; the Pole, unlike the East German, works hard only if properly motivated—an externally imposed *Pflicht* (duty) means nothing to him. Solidly Catholic Poland has a tradition of political resistance, opposition, and disobedience. Like most Catholic nations, the Poles have a profound, anarchical distrust of the state.

Czechoslovakia is a dual country. The two languages, Czech and Slovak, are very much alike, but the mentalities of the two peoples are very different. A majority of Czechs are traditionally Left; the Communist vote was extremely high even in the Twenties. Czech history is closely tied to Austria, just as Slovak history is tied to Hungary. The Slovak nobility became quickly Magyarized, and the Catholic clergy assumed a leadership role. Religion plays a minor role among the Czechs, a major role among the Slovaks. The Czechs, who form the majority, have a tradition of passive resistance; the Slovaks, a tradition of active resistance. Mr. Gorbachev needn't worry much about opposition in Czechoslovakia.

In Hungary, as in Poland, meanwhile, we find a general aristocratism. The Hungarian charter of aristocratic freedom, the Golden Bull, was issued in 1222, only seven years after the Magna Carta. In a real sense, the individualistic Hungarian character hasn't changed very much in all these years. The uprising of 1956 so rocked the Kremlin that it never dared attempt the re-imposition of Stalinism. Hungary today is a paradoxical blend of intellectual and economic freedom within a Communist framework. Besides being individualists, the Hungarians are realists; they know that patience is a wise policy. Religion? The country is two-thirds Catholic, one-third Calvinist and Lutheran.

The Rumanian case is an unusual one. The regime is essentially Stalinist, probably the most totalitarian in the Soviet bloc, but it does make efforts to steer an independent foreign policy. Hence Rumania sometimes gets an undeservedly good press in the West, even though suppression of free thought is complete, and pressure on the non-Rumanian nationalities is intense. For the Hungarian minority, life is hell.

Bulgaria, in the eyes of the Kremlin, is the ideal puppet. It is a classic ally of the USSR. Old Bulgaria had a strong pro-Russian tradition, and its earliest Communists were following their Russian mentors. To this day, the Soviets can count on their comrades in Bulgaria.

A FEW FINAL thoughts: All the satellite regimes are basically "national socialist" and "racist" in the broader sense of the term. All of them (except Hungary) mistreat their minorities. All of them are wary of their Communist neighbors. Their relations are good only on paper.

Can Mr. Gorbachev, as he surveys his domain, count on the armies in these states? In peacetime, by all means. In wartime, only the armies of ever-faithful Bulgaria and the German Democratic Republic—would-be "liberators" of their brethren in the West —would come running. □

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WHITHER THE MODERN WORLD?

An essay in honor of Romano Guardini, February 17, 1885-October 1, 1968

REGIS MARTIN

VERY LITTLE WRITTEN since the end of the last European war has left so nearly unforgettable an impression as *The End of the Modern World*, a searing and prophetic work written in 1950 by a soft-spoken little man in a black suit in search of orientation "within the tangled situation which still marks our age." Born in Verona of Italian parents, raised in Germany amidst the relics of a vanished world, Romano Guardini became one of that select company of universalists who, despite the compartmentalization of scholarship characteristic of our scattered age, sustained a commitment to the whole life of the mind. First published in this country in 1956 by Sheed and Ward, it was re-issued in 1968 by Henry Regnery with an introduction of haunting resonance by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, who saw in it something of "the apocalyptic vision of the New Testament." However one receives Guardini's thesis, concluded Wilhelmsen, "the book will cauterize the spirit of any man who reads it." What follows is intended both as homage to the memory of a man "whose very existence," lamented Catholic historian James Hitchcock, "has to a great extent been forgotten less than twenty years after his death," and as meditation on the meaning of his most somber masterpiece, *The End of the Modern World.*

For all that the world owes to God for dying to redeem it—nearly twenty centuries during which we have all shone like the sun, "the very amazement of God," exulted John Paul I—the world has grown unaccountably weary for so many that one might almost think that whatever native capacity men have to sit in wonder and awe, to marvel and take delight, can scarcely be said to exist any longer. More and more, we have become a jaded race, our horizons bounded by work, by sensate pleasures, by structures of overwhelming, oppressive secularity. A people—is it possible?—incapable even of taking notice of the numinous . . . yes, even were it suddenly to appear on nighttime TV. So glutted are we by the goods of this world that it has become very nearly impossible for great numbers to imagine how vastly, how frightfully different an unredeemed world would be.

I do not mean the world before Christ came to set it free, either; a world overrun with "blood and beastliness and pock-marked Caligulas," to recall the fearful litany of Boris Pasternak. "It was not," said he, "until after the coming of Christ that time and man could breathe freely." Thereafter, what raised man above the beast was "never the cudgel but an inward music." It was the Eternal Word Who thus set our souls to music, and from the singular lilt of His Incarnate Song the world, and all things in it, were at last to find their proper pitch. No, I have not any sort of return to the cudgel in mind, or at least not that particular one. And, in any case, the fully technologized terror of tomorrow will doubtless have at its disposal instruments of conformity considerably more refined than mere blunt weaponry. It is rather the disappearance of the inward music that I most fear, brought on by a world ever more bent on the banishment of its Incarnate God.

Hence the situation today remains pronouncedly, paradoxically worse than it ever was before Christ set out to redeem it. So poisoned in fact has the atmosphere of our age become as a result of the fumes of four centuries or more of progressive forgetfulness of God that even the soul's existence—never mind its putative destiny—can no longer lay claim to any sort of privileged ontological status. An entire order of reality, its credibility once preserved as in a kind of amber, has come completely apart; and so strange is the condition of our illness that, "while the world moves / In appetency, on its metaled ways," rooted meanwhile in absolutely nothing at all, few of us seem to have actually noticed anything having gone awry. We are weightless, and it is not that we do not know why, it is simply that we do not know that we are. Here one thinks of the question once asked by Albert Jay Nock regarding a people's capacity to know whether or not their civilization had slipped into a Dark Age. His chilling an-

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John Chamberlain (Yale '25), a syndicated columnist, has been writing for NR *for almost thirty years.*

Regis Martin is finishing his doctorate in Sacred Theology at the Pontifical University of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome, and is writing a book about Flannery O'Connor. He is married and the father of two children.

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swer: They would know only to the extent that they themselves had succeeded in resisting the slippage.

One thinks also of a certain Christ-haunted character out of Flannery O'Connor, who "meant to tell anyone who invited him to sin that he wasn't going to have his soul damned," but is never able to because "nobody was interested in his goddam soul." They just "told him he didn't have any soul and left for their brothel."

Much of modern secular culture having effectively become one brothel or another, life in our time more and more assumes the surreal features of a Fellini film, with its myriad sunbathers all blithe and insouciant beneath the Sign of their Salvation—an enormous cross that, suspended from an unseen helicopter, hovers high above the rooftops of *La Dolce Vita*. Not the least shadow of that cross, it would seem, is permitted nowadays publicly to fall across the horizons of our world; a world that increasingly evinces its hostility for all that is meant by the grammar and the poetry of the transcendent.

All this, I suggest, forces the question, What is the dominant reality of our moment in history? Forces too the answer, which is the sense not a few of us mountingly have that the human person is in peril of imminent extinction. Not, heaven knows, through any sort of wholesale nuclear incineration of the race, however symptomatic of our common peril that particular specter may appear. No, our predicament is rather more fundamental and far more menacing than mere atom bombs; it is a situation of real abandonment, of abolition (to use a better word, one that C. S. Lewis used in the title of a book on this same subject, *The Abolition of Man*), of all that heretofore had been the decisive understanding of man in the Christian West. The very understanding that the God-Man fashioned out of the material of His own unspeakable agony upon the Cross.

Here then is the rub: To the extent that that understanding of which I speak, an understanding productive of lasting human liberation, carries any moral or intellectual credibility at all, it does so only because the claims of Christianity—the ultimate guarantor of truth and good in the cultural order—carry infinitely more. Putting it another way, an operative teaching about man and the world, a teaching of the most astounding and humane application, entered the history of the West on the wings, as it were, of an institution claiming final transcendence of it; claiming, too—and in accent no less scandalous—to be the very prolongation of Christ, the sacrament of the Lord Himself. In the dispensation of grace of which the Holy Church was to act as agent, every moment of human history suddenly mattered because eternity herself had entered time, there to lance the very heart of the world.

Why then do I say "rub"? Because, very simply, the claims of Christianity to mediate such unheard-of riches are no longer taken as credible. And, yet, such has been the sheer weight of all that accumulated moral capital that it has managed even to survive for a time the widespread collapse of formal faith in the very thing that had substantially endowed it.

What were the lineaments of that teaching transmitted by the Church, by her vision of the real? In short, a conception of man understood as an unrepeatable medley of flesh and blood and spirit (an horizon of time and eternity, said St. Thomas); a creature entirely contingent yet called into existence by a God Whose very name is Being, and Whose gift confers immortality ("I do not exist," wrote Cardinal Danielou, "save as I am, like a word, being uttered by Another"); wounded by sin but rescued by grace, and even now summoned to a life of unending intimacy with Christ, the very Incarnate God Whose own dramatic irruption into history infinitely heightened the importance of being merely human. "I am," sang Hopkins, "all at once what Christ is, since he was what I am, and / This Jack, joke, poor potsherd, patch, matchwood, immortal diamond, / Is immortal diamond."

Nevertheless, the driving tendency of our century has been to dismiss so sublime a reading of man; on the ground either of its manifest incredibility or of its plain irrelevance to whatever men of our world have happened to be doing. Lewis's notion of "chronological snobbery" is a particularly apt description of the progressivist habit of mind, freed from a past it has all along adjudged inferior if only because, fixed and unchanging, it will not bend to the wind of fashion, the call of "groveling prostration before the *fait accompli*."

In the Brave New World toward which we are all being urged to move, its outline in some ways already closer to the anthill than the Mystical Body, it is far likelier than not that we shall all be groveling. It will not be necessary then to try and imagine an unredeemed world; the necessity then will precisely be how to escape from it. "As the benefits of Revelation disappear even more from the coming world," observed Guardini, "man will truly learn what it means to be cut off from Revelation." In the wake, that is, of an accelerating advance of all that is non-Christian—the march of atheist man more than ever determined on the most ruthless disavowals of Revelation—he will likewise learn what it really means to be a Christian.

At the same time, too, says Guardini,

> the unbeliever will emerge from the fogs of secularism. He will cease to reap benefit from the values and forces developed by

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the very Revelation he denies. He must learn to exist honestly without Christ and without the God revealed through Him; he will have to learn to experience what this honesty means. Nietzsche has already warned us that the non-Christian of the modern world had no realization of what it truly meant to be without Christ. The last decades have suggested what life without Christ really is. The last decades were only the beginning.

And the new age, the one destined to emerge at the end of modernity, what really will it be like? Here Guardini's argument approaches paradox, for that dawning age, he predicts, will commence in a most oddly salutary way; i.e., it will at once declare all the secularized aspects of Christianity to be sentimentalities. "This declaration," he promises, "will clear the air. The world to come will be filled with animosity and danger, but it will be a world open and clean."

ALAS, IT will be a world unrelievedly bleak, with its "vision of factories and barracks," its borrowed capital unable to sustain the bankruptcy of metaphysics to which all the vaunted machinery of secular autonomy had driven it. Loneliness, too, in faith will be terrible, predicts Guardini. "Love will disappear from the face of the public world, but the more precious will that love be which flows from one lonely person to another, involving a courage of the heart born from the immediacy of the love of God as it was made known in Christ."

Finally, for all its unloveliness, the world to come must be endured first-hand by men who are anxious about the future of a faith divested of all sanctuary in the world. Because only amid the terrible loneliness to come can one truly present the sort of drama, starkly, rivetingly eschatological, which best obliges a man to choose (perhaps, who knows, for the first time ever) for or against Christ. When the world, for all its animosity and danger, is stripped clean of sentimental accretion, only then may life truly become that theater of moral action, that place where every choice is clear and sundering, fraught with an eternity of gain or loss.

"I proclaim no facile apocalyptic," Guardini concludes his analysis, required reading for any man not completely at home in the old dispensation:

> No man has the right to say that the End is here, for Christ Himself has declared that only the Father knows the day and the hour (Matthew 24:36). If we speak here of the nearness of the End, we do not mean nearness in the sense of time, but nearness as it pertains to the essence of the End, for in essence man's existence is now nearing an absolute decision. Each and every consequence of that decision bears within it the greatest potentiality and the most extreme danger. □

WITNESS TO TRUTH

M. D. Aeschliman

A Need to Testify, by Iris Origo (Harcourt Brace, 288 pp., $14.95)

"MY PERSONAL complaint about [Strachey's] *Eminent Victorians*," writes the distinguished Anglo-Italian biographer Iris Origo, "would not be that it is inaccurate, but that it is *thin*, and that the thinness springs from condescension. If you wish to see a person, you must not start by seeing *through* him." In a series of remarkable biographies over the last fifty years, the Marchesa Origo has, by following her own advice, succeeded in sympathetically bringing to life a number of disparate individuals, including the poet Leopardi; the fourteenth-century Italian *Merchant of Prato*; one of Byron's mistresses and his illegitimate daughter, Allegra; the Carlyles; Mazzini; and, very memorably, both the person and *The World of San Bernardino*, in the course of which latter work she unintentionally gives a good brief description of the workings of her own moral and literary imagination: "It was this inner, costly participation—compassion in its original sense—which was never lacking in San Bernardino."

Nor is it lacking in the four biographical portraits that make up *A Need to Testify*, or the fine essay, "Biography: True and False," that introduces them. In three of the four portraits, those of Lauro de Bosis, Ruth Draper, and Gaetano Salvemini, she succeeds admirably in interesting the reader in the lives of individuals radically different from one another, and tied together really only by their contemporaneity and their ultimate opposition to Italian Fascism and its braggart sawdust Caesar, Mussolini. Of these three it is the exiled socialist historian Salvemini, a man dedicated to truth and justice rather than self-interest (a colleague said of him that he "did not sow for the satisfaction of picking the fruit"), who evokes the greatest interest, more than the distinguished actress Ruth Draper or her lover, the aristocratic Italian patriot Lauro de Bosis, whose bravely quixotic death in a small plane, after having dropped anti-Fascist leaflets over Rome in 1931, was, for all its nobility, in some ways the same kind of self-dramatizing romantic gesture, the histrionic Prometheanism and vitalism, that gave Italy D'Annunzio, Balbo, Mussolini, and Fascism in the first place.

But far and away the finest and most important portrait in this volume is the final one, of the writer Ignazio Silone (1900-1978), who, along with Solzhenitsyn and Orwell, is surely one of the most eloquent and important witnesses to the historical and moral events of the twentieth century. (It was, in fact, from a fable of Silone's that Orwell originally took the parable

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More April Titles: *Such a Vision of the Street: Mother Teresa and Her Work* (Doubleday, $16.95), by Eileen Egan, looks to be an interesting biography of the Nobel Peace Prize winner that strives to lift itself above the level of *People*-magazine journalism. (Miss Egan herself is an associate of Catholic Relief Services, the charitable arm of the Catholic Church in America.)

Tug of War: Eisenhower's Lost Opportunity (Beaufort, $19.95), by Brigadier General W. Denis Whitaker, DSO, and Shelagh Whitaker, argues that Eisenhower's failure to open the port of Antwerp fast enough in the fall of 1944 made unavoidable what the authors call "the bastard battle of the Scheldt."

Beyond the Dragon's Mouth (Viking, $17.95) is a collection of stories and articles—all of them previously published, either in periodicals or anthologies—by Shiva Naipaul. . . . Herman Wouk's latest novel is *Inside, Outside* (Little, Brown, $19.95), the ostensible autobiography of Israel David Goodkind, who serves as a special assistant to President Nixon during the Watergate period, as he moves through two worlds: the "inside" one of clannish, pietistical Judaism and the "outside" one of the Gentiles, bristling with anti-Semitism.

☐ Coming in May: In *Setting the East Ablaze: Lenin's Dream of an Empire in Asia* (Norton, $17.95), Peter Hopkirk describes the bush wars along the Indian frontiers, waged between Bolshevik zealots eager to fulfill the newly triumphant Lenin's desire for a "liberated" India, and counter-revolutionists equally eager to thwart them.

☐ Coming in June: *The Awakening Twenties: A Memoir-History of a Literary Period* (Louisiana, $19.95), by Gorham Munson, is an interesting account of the "awakening" of the arts in America by a literary participant, himself the author of well-received books on Robert Frost and Hart Crane. —CW

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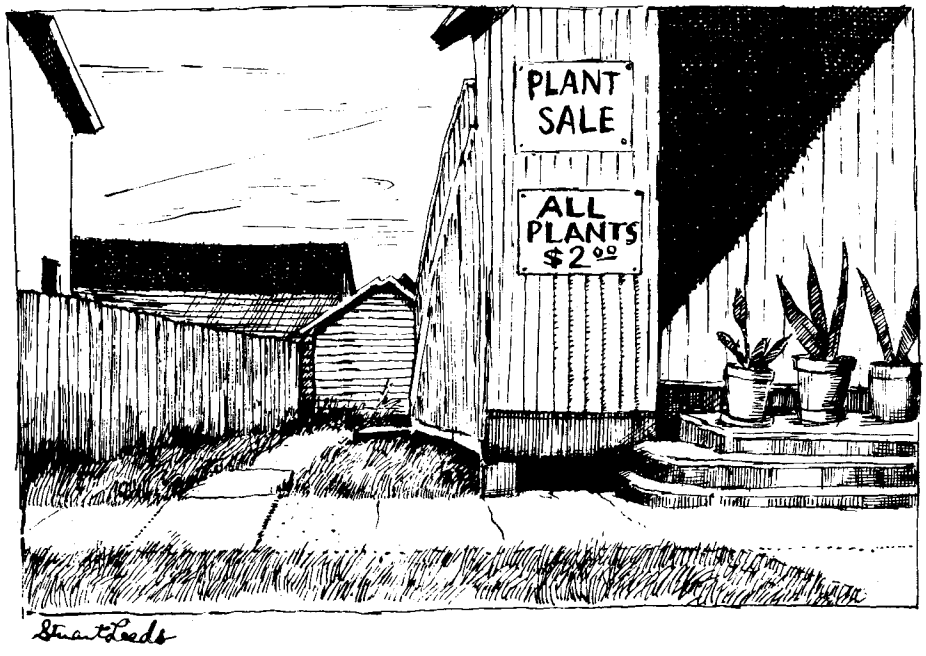
that became *Animal Farm*.) Silone's agonizingly conscientious *voyage au bout de la nuit* took him from the wretched poverty of the mountainous Abruzzi region to prisons in Spain and Switzerland; from being an opponent of Fascism to becoming a founder, with Togliatti, of the Italian Communist Party (PCI), and then, after disillusionment in Moscow and elsewhere, to becoming one of the most dogged and profound of anti-Communists. He was one of his country's noblest spirits and one of the few indisputably great writers of the twentieth century, and yet, because of his unflattering witness against both Fascism and Communism, and his unashamedly personal, unliterary, traditional, narrative writing, it took a long time for him to win, and then grudgingly, the recognition from his own countrymen that the world had granted him much earlier, on the occasion of the publication, first, of *Fontamara* in 1933, and then of his classic, *Bread and Wine*. Of it Salvemini wrote in 1936 that it was "more historical than history" and gave the very "spirit of reality."

But, as Iris Origo's portrait makes limpidly clear, Silone was not only an indispensably articulate opponent of the iron age of ideologies and dictators; with his doggedly ethical imagination he was also an uncannily profound diagnostician of the causes of this "strange disease of modern life" of which the terrible Thirties and Forties were only one form and facet. Nietzsche, he writes, "was the first to define this decadence, calling it nihilism," and giving that word a particular meaning that plumbs the depths of our modern distress: "In its most common moral aspect, nihilism is the identification of what is good, what is right, what is true, with one's own advantage. It is the ultimate conviction that basically there is nothing real behind all faith and doctrine and that therefore only success is of any importance." The ruthless power politics of Fascism and Communism were only the most dramatic forms of nihilism; as Camus wrote, also in the Forties, the rise of barbaric and hysterical ideologies was caused by a widespread sense of the metaphysical absurdity of life—a sense which, as Silone says, "from the higher classes" of the late nineteenth century then "spread over the whole social surface."

To the extent that there may be a remedy in the face of the seemingly massive Hegelian inevitability of this nihilism in history and life, it was for Silone, as it is for Solzhenitsyn, in the mysterious margin of human liberty, transcendence, and moral imagination, which have their root in traditional religion, with its essential ethical disposition: "To save ourselves from the wolves," and from becoming wolves, Silone wrote in *Emergency Exit*, "some of us have been obliged to overcome our petit-bourgeois, nineteenth-century limitations, and to rediscover our early Christian affinities." Thus, in the bloodied but unbowed integrity of his agonizing voyage through the twentieth century, Silone came to call himself a "Socialist without a party, a Christian without a church," no small or ignoble thing in the conformist world of Italian politics.

Iris Origo entitles her memorable portrait of him "A Study in Integrity," and so it is, containing an adamant, obstinate refusal to worship ideology, popular fad, or the bitch-goddess of



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success. As distinct from noise, fluorescence, and fraud, Silone's life and work incarnate the true moral glories of his native land; the prophetic courage, dogged honesty, and simple holiness of Celestine V, of St. Francis, of San Bernardino, of John XXIII, as well as of thousands of unnamed people, peasants and workers, anti-Communist socialists, lay Christians, religious and clergy such as Don Orione, with whom Silone studied for one year in San Remo as a youth and who may have been a model for Don Benedetto in *Bread and Wine*. The Christian shepherds of the Abruzzi who risked their lives hiding Allied soldiers from the Nazis came of the same pious, godly peasant stock and spirit from which Silone sprang, and which he venerated, and they help vindicate Italy against the shameful, brutal simplifications of Mussolini and Togliatti and their kind.

Toward the end of Silone's life, in *The Story of a Humble Christian*, he writes of something "deeply rooted" in human beings. "There is," he says, "in the human conscience an unrest which no reform and no prosperity can ever soothe." This restlessness is the transcendent in us, the soul. "And in our daily prayers the invocation remains: 'Thy kingdom come.'" No more profoundly moral and religious imagination has emerged in our frequently chaotic and brutal century; the whole burden and trajectory of Silone's life and writing provide a continuing source of wisdom, sustenance, and inspiration, as Iris Origo's unforgettable biographical study so admirably shows. □

SPLIT DECISIONS

Joseph Sobran

The Divorce Decision, by Richard Neely (McGraw-Hill, 207 pp., $15.95)

NOTHING IS as boring as a lawyer's brief, but few things are as fascinating as hearing an off-duty lawyer talking turkey about the way the legal system really works. Richard Neely, a justice on West Virginia's Supreme Court of Appeals, writes little books that talk turkey.

The Divorce Decision: The Legal and Human Consequences of Ending a Marriage might be seen as a practical footnote to G. K. Chesterton's forgot-

ten gem *The Superstition of Divorce*. The twentieth century began by sentimentalizing divorce much as the Victorians had sentimentalized the family, with a lugubriously expanding list of hard cases leading finally to no-fault divorce law.

As Chesterton saw, "the divorce controversy is not really a controversy about divorce. It is a controversy about remarriage; or rather about whether it is marriage at all." He argued that dissoluble marriage is not really marriage. "While free love seems to me a heresy, divorce does really seem to me a superstition." If we are to have free love, he suggested, let's have free love, and call it that. Those who want to have the freedom to make and break liaisons under the forms of traditional matrimony are possessed by "a most illogical and fanatical appetite for getting married in churches. It is as if a man should practice polygamy out of sheer greed for wedding cake." Such a man desires "to violate his vow at the same altar at which he made it."

Well, Chesterton lost the debate, and we now enjoy divorce-on-demand. We find feminists simultaneously calling for the end of the family and the enforcement of child-support laws. They hate marriage, but they retain their simple faith in divorce. Others still believe in both institutions, as witness our 50 per cent divorce rate. But neither marriage nor divorce turns out to be quite what the romantics have in mind.

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in. They have an unjustly bad name. Shakespeare, as is well known, called for killing them all (another strong argument, by the way, that "Shakespeare" was only a pen name, since nobody would dare openly take on such a powerful lobby). Though there are bad lawyers here and there, most lawyers are the sort of people who always wind up picking up the pieces in this mad world. Their job is not to subserve the noble ideal of divorce, but to play the angles once divorce is a fact of life. They do this at their clients' behest, and they are very good at it, but they take the rap for the inevitable ugliness of divorce itself. A man's bitterness against his ex-wife is rivaled only by his rancor against the lawyer who was so depraved as to represent her interests.

Neely points out that divorce is simply an exorbitant lifestyle. The legal costs are the least of it; they are high only because the further stakes are even higher. A divorce case is, first of all, a dispute as to how to make one income support two households. The first casualty is justice—or at least the sort of justice envisioned by two idealists who come to the law for material vindication.

"Economics alone," writes Neely, "dictates that even a blameless husband support his children." He speaks from experience as both lawyer and judge: "Numerous women have run off with other men in the face of a husband's extraordinary efforts to preserve the marriage, and yet the court has felt compelled to give custody of the children to the mother. When I have made such decisions, I have been overwhelmed by a sense of sorrow." But the children's welfare may necessitate such decisions, since the bad wife may be the better parent, or the only parent in a position to give the children the care they need.

At other times the father may have an unfair advantage. As a lawyer, Neely recalls, he once represented a man who had left his wife and two children to ride off with a woman who shared his devotion to motorcycles. The wife held all the aces. The father didn't want custody. But such was the mother's devotion to her children that Neely counseled his client to sue for custody, which frightened the poor woman into a relatively soft settlement out of court. Thus are the angles played.

Neely confirms what Chesterton foresaw: that the dynamics of legal divorce favor the guilty party. He argues that the fairer the law tries to be, the less predictable the results. The aggressor against the marriage bond enjoys a certain advantage. And as usual, the actual result is radically different from what the reformers envisioned. What was meant as an emergency measure inexorably becomes a matter of convenience.

Then there are the children. Neely says that sociologists biased in favor of divorce have played down the impact of divorce on the children, though judges and lawyers see it every day, as do police. And the consequences spread through society as a whole; the crime rates are only the beginning of the story. Our social institutions are increasingly pitted against the kind of love—someone has called it "practical concern"—that holds society itself together. Legal forms can only help by supporting natural affection; they are no substitute for it, as we should have learned by now.

Is divorce ever justified? Neely thinks it is, in a small minority of cases. But the cases he refers to might be served just as well by legal separation. The personal and general destructiveness of divorce summons us to rethink the whole issue even more radically than he has done.

But he has done plenty. He suggests that we think of divorce as being like smoking: a personal option to some extent tolerable, but with collateral social results to which we can't be indifferent. Until now, divorce has had a good press: It has been judged by its promises, while marriage has been judged by its worst cases. *The Divorce Decision* should help to correct the balance. □

THE WINNING SIDE

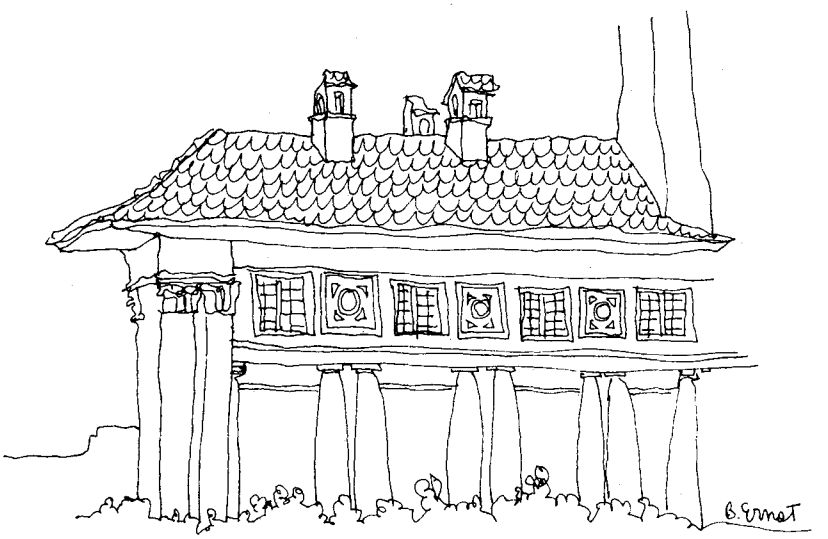
John Chamberlain

The Game: The Harvard-Yale Football Rivalry, 1875-1983, by Thomas G. Bergin (Yale, 367 pp., $19.95)

TOM BERGIN, now retired as a professor of Romance languages at Yale, is the author of scholarly but readable books on Dante and Boccaccio. He is also a translator of the *Divine Comedy*, Vico's *New Science*, and Machiavelli's *The Prince*. But this is not all. He is an anthologist of the Provençal troubadours, and his taste for light verse, often in French forms, has rubbed off in wistful books of poetry that have had both private and public circulation. When his student A. Bartlett Giamatti became president of Yale, Tom celebrated the occasion with a villanelle.

None of this quite accounts for Tom's most recent book, *The Game*, a celebration of one hundred years of Yale-Harvard football rivalry. But the book is as good as his *Dante*, and for many of the same reasons.

When Tom was an undergraduate at Yale in the fabled Twenties, he was no Dink Stover. Though he had grown up in the shadow of the Yale Bowl, he paid little overt attention to athletics. His goal was to learn ten lan-



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guages and to make Phi Beta Kappa as a junior. If he had a competitive streak it was to see if he could outpace me, as a friend from childhood, in memorizing A. E. Housman and reading every last scrap of Joseph Conrad. I knew him well, but never suspected that his true grand passion was for football.

This passion first surfaced when he took on the job of writing a monthly page, under the heading of "Time and Change," for the *Yale Alumni Magazine*. His annual summaries of the football season had a special lilt. As the Master of Timothy Dwight College he came to know football players as something more than students of Petrarch, and was suitably impressed with the fact that stupid people don't thrive on the gridiron.

Football takes some intellectuality. In the Keynesian era you could sit in an economics class in any Ivy League university and not have the least idea of what effect would follow a given cause. But if you were a quarterback you would quickly learn that if you read a defense wrong you would be spilled rather peremptorily on your rear while being hurried into a disastrous interception. I'd trust Jack Kemp, as a former Buffalo Bills quarterback, over almost any political-science major on foreign policy, simply because Kemp's peripheral vision has been trained to catch both opportunity and menace on a given flank.

When Tom Bergin was writing about Dante, he set him in his time and place as an exile from his beloved Florence. The pre-Renaissance *mise-en-scène* was complicated. Dante was torn between the medieval idea that the West should be a politically unified Christendom and the more mundane reality that Florence, as an Italian city-state, was an entity unto itself. Between the imperial Ghibellines and the anti-imperial Guelphs, Florence was always changing hands. Dante had a faculty for picking the losing side of a political argument—hence his banishment from the fair town on the Arno that was always his true *paradiso*.

In a sense, the American game of football in the so-called robber-baron age of the Eighties and Nineties was threatened with Dante's choice. The game, as invented by Yale's Walter Camp, among others, had become brutalized with its flying wedges and its unpenalized slugging. In the Eighties

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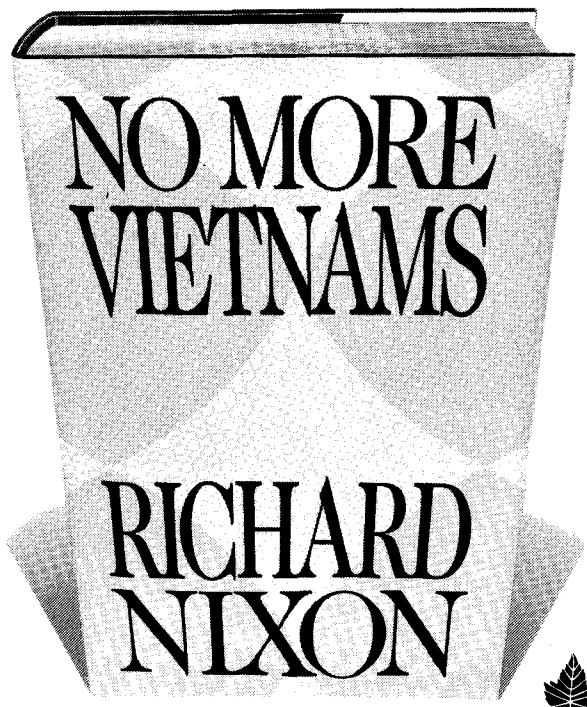

A LITERARY GUILD SELECTION

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Harvard objected, quite reasonably, to violence that featured use of the teeth. There were efforts to banish the game, culminating in a public spanking administered by Teddy Roosevelt, whose cult of strenuosity stopped short of eye-gouging. In 1905 there were 18 gridiron deaths and 159 serious injuries, as reported by the *Chicago Tribune*. Columbia abandoned the game, and California and Stanford reverted to rugby.

But unlike Dante, the fathers of football, including Walter Camp, managed to avoid exile by picking the winning side of the argument. By legalizing the forward pass and by establishing a neutral zone between offensive and defensive linemen, they opened up the game. Hurdling was abolished. Haughton, at Harvard, pioneered the art of deft and mystifying ball handling. At Yale there was the era of "muscular Christianity," when a quarterback such as Art Howe would be a candidate for the divinity school.

The game was originally WASP-dominated, but it changed ethnically with the rise of the minorities. The Irish took over politically in Boston, but they also grabbed the football headlines at Harvard in the days of the great Eddie Mahan and Eddie Casey. The Irish were still going strong when Brian Dowling at Yale was passing to Calvin Hill, a black who made it big in the pro game. The time came when Yale had an all-Italian backfield, to which Tom Bergin could address questions in *lingua toscana* as spoken in *boca romana*. Football had long ago ceased to be "preppie."

Tom Bergin has a great eye—or maybe one should say ear—for nostalgic detail. You are just as apt to learn what was premiering at New Haven's Shubert Theater in 1949 (it was *South Pacific*) as you are to get the story of Levi Jackson, Yale's first black player (he became captain), who, when coach Herman Hickman referred to his linemen as the Seven Dwarfs, said, "I guess that makes me Snow White."

Droll waggery is the hallmark of the Bergin style, and when he finds it in others the pleasurable shock is electric. This is a book for football fans, but it is also a book for anybody who treasures the unusual in social history. □

DELECTATIONS

THE OTHER ITALY

Nika Hazelton

THERE IS a movement afoot in the United States to make Italian food and wine as prestigious here as French food and wine. How much success it is having I do not know, because although the trendy (often funky) new restaurants in New York City are Italian, that says nothing about what the rest of the country will do. But here in New York, besides the "in" restaurants, there are any number of promotional activities—including food symposiums, the flying over of chefs from Italy, wine tastings, and such—going on for the purpose of showing that Italian is classy. The trouble with the majority of these events is that they are controlled by public-relations people, who, after all, are paid to make their clients sound important.

The wine industry has been quite successful at this, making Italian wine the biggest wine import into the United States, thanks to a slightly fizzy and somewhat sweet plonk called Lambrusco, the alcoholic kissing-cousin of the carbonated soft drinks we love so much. Lambrusco as drunk in Italy, by the way—the *echt* or *ur* Lambrusco—is a perfectly good, somewhat simple red table wine, *senza pretese*—without pretensions—as we say in Italy, which goes well with the simple, robust country food of its native province, Emilia-Romagna. But the American market is the great hope of all European wine-makers, who increasingly tailor their product (at least, their wines under $10 a bottle) to the American palate; this makes for a very boring similarity in the taste of the wines, whatever their grape or national origin.

I have also observed two sorts of efforts being made to add class to Italian restaurants in the United States. One is the tarting up of honest, established restaurants with glitzy surroundings (not necessarily in poor taste) and extravagant prices; the other is the pretense that Italian cooking is as *nouveau* and fanciful as any, a development made possible by the food processor, without which *nouvelle cuisine* or the New American Cooking could not exist. (Just think of all those puréed things sitting in dear little heaps on your plate—would you like to purée all that by hand?) Italian cooking is basically regional cooking, enlivened by a number of traditional techniques and ingredients used as the cook sees fit. The trouble is that the majority of restaurants have pretty much stopped applying the characteristic regional touches to the traditional all-Italian dishes because the chefs are lazy or

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ignorant, or because they figure the tourists will eat anything. Thus even in Italy much of the food has become so commercialized and boring that it takes an awful lot of doing to find honest, traditional regional food.

Much to my husband's and my own delight, on a recent trip to the Apulia region (the heel of boot-shaped Italy) we found that even in remote, insignificant restaurants we were invariably served good, fresh, honest food, with wine to match. Mass tourism has not yet affected Apulia, and so the pastoral and maritime traditions of the region are still reflected in restaurant food. The vegetables were wonderfully fresh and tender, many of them layered or stuffed with each other, and the fish and seafood so varied and just-caught in flavor that they more than compensated for the paucity of interesting meats and pastas. Lamb roasted in a brick oven—either as is, or with a trickle of olive oil—and the local sausage, served with vegetables like sautéed eggplant or green cauliflower, were always very good indeed, whereas the beef or pork dishes were all right, but not special. The typical pasta dish is *orecchiette* (little ear-shaped shells) sauced with the bitter green vegetable called *rape*; and the pizzas served in all but the most elegant restaurants are of a quality and variety that made a pizza-indifferent person like myself sit up and eat the stuff. I also remember the dishes made with broad beans, or *fave* (especially one consisting of *fave*, *mozzarella*, and *rape*).

The cooking of any area takes its flavor from the fats used in it, and in Apulia the essential fat is the wonderful olive oil of the region. As the French will go to this or that vintner to buy their wine in casks, Italians, if they can, will buy their oil directly from the peasant producer. Other memories of Apulia's foods include the goodness of the bread; the way the fish are shown to you before cooking so that you can choose the kind and size you want to eat, as well as the manner of preparation; the wild mushrooms broiled with herbs, oil, and a touch of lemon; the fresh *ricotte* and *mozzarelle*, served with salt, pepper, and a *lagrima* (a tear of olive oil); and, finally, the *taralli*, which looked and tasted like bagels (they are made in a similar manner).

And the food is not at all garlicky,

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as some southern Italian food is—notably that of Rome and Naples, which alas, to the mind of far too many Americans, *is* Italian food. Nor for that matter, and mercifully so, does everything swim in tomato sauce. As for the wines, Apulia's enormous output used to go to northern Italy and even to France, to strengthen the somewhat anemic wines of the north, where the grapes are insufficiently ripened, with the addition of the fiery alcoholic squeezings of southern grapes. The picture is changing, however, especially with regard to the white wines, which now benefit from the techniques of cold fermentation. We always drank the wines the waiters recommended, which were inexpensive and invariably made by a cooperative winery, since only the cooperative *vinicole* can afford the modern machinery and techniques necessary for taking part in the competitive business that wine-making and -merchandising have become even in Italy.

We were fortunate in seeing a part of Italy not yet ruined by mass tourism and in eating real, genuine Italian food. I recommend Apulia to anybody interested in Italy as she once was, and who likes good sightseeing combined with splendid food. □

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

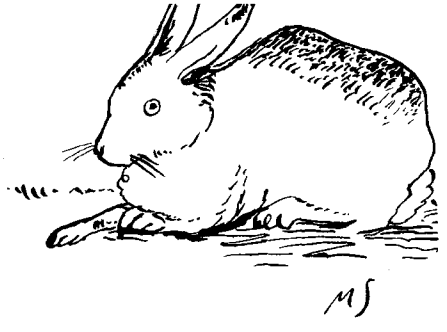
In 1963 a lengthy historical essay, "The Church and the Social Question," by Franz H. Mueller, was published in a volume entitled *The Challenge of Mater and Magistra* (New York: Herder and Herder), edited by Joseph N. Moody and Justus George Lawler. This essay, written by an immigrant to the United States from Nazi Germany and recognized immediately as a minor classic of its sort, has now been reprinted under the original title by the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research in Washington, D.C. ($14.95). As Michael Novak suggests in his introduction, Professor Mueller's book acquires renewed interest from the forthcoming pastoral letter on the U.S. economy, expected this year from the Catholic bishops of the United States, as well as from the prospect that the Vatican Commission on Justice and Peace, and the Holy Father himself, will have much to say in future years on the matter of economic growth in the so-called underdeveloped countries.

The Church and the Social Question is a short history of Catholic social thought and attitudes in confrontation with modernity, or "liberalism." Mueller himself, a former student of the distinguished economic philosopher Heinrich Pesch, SJ, attained his intellectual maturity in a climate highly critical of liberalism as an ideology; and his book, explicitly *not* an apologetic exercise, is rather a brilliant *summa* undertaken to vitiate (if not to still) the charge that the Church, in Mueller's words, "attempts to substitute sententious normative knowledge for the interpretation of existential experience"—that the Church, for over a century now, has shirked her responsibility to define her position "in regard to the 'isms' and errors of modern times."

Mueller begins with the reminder that the Church—while cognizant of the necessity of taking an historical approach to the problems of human society (the importance, in other words, of what Aquinas called the *causae secundae*), which permits the Christian observer to understand history as a creative, instead of cyclical or repetitive, process imbued therefore with free will—is not, "as such," an agency of reform. Mueller writes:

> Addressing herself to men of all eras and areas, she does indeed put great emphasis on the common nature of [social] problems. She does not claim, however, that her general principles answer directly concrete remedial and constructive needs. Like St. Thomas, who over and over again stresses the need for specific determination of what is good and just under the prevailing circumstances, the Church calls upon her members to make their own prudential decisions within the framework of what is generally demanded by faith and morals. She marks the boundaries and puts up signposts, but she does not ordinarily prescribe the route to be taken to the goal in question.

By "the Church" many people mean the Papacy, which has indeed been reluctant to intrude upon the secular responsibilities of "the moral maturity of her members, especially those of the laity who are in a position of influence." Unfortunately, in Mueller's opinion, just as citizens have grown increasingly susceptible to the temptation to seek explicit guidance and aid from civil government, so an expectation has arisen among the laity that the magisterium of the Church will propound economic principles to them and propose solutions to economic problems. But that is not as it should be, he argues—and, in point of fact, that is not how it has been.



So far from being belated, Leo XIII's great encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, issued in 1891, appeared precisely at that moment when the Industrial Revolution, which in retrospect seems to have had as many gears as a long-haul semi, attained a still higher level of dynamic power. But Pope Leo, despite his concern for the spiritual implications modern industrial society held for men, strove for a *via media* between condemnation and prescription, explicitly recognizing the need for the state to exercise responsibility for citizens in dire need, yet, with equal explicitness, stating that having done so the state had gone far enough ("Nature bids them stop here"). Whatever explicit solutions might be advanced by Catholic social and economic scholars would have to be proposed by these men acting out of individual initiative and in a personal capacity: through study groups, through parish action, through the agency of the pen. And, especially in America, that was how it came about: the efforts of Father John A. Ryan, Father Frederick P. Kenkel, and many others ushering in, in time, an American Catholic social movement, in whose activities, up to 1960, Professor Mueller finds much to praise. His assessment, in a forthcoming companion volume, of some of its more recent behavior is awaited with curiosity. □

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NO WAY, JOSE

D. Keith Mano

"LET'S GO," my son yelled against the cry and hammer of electronic death around us. I couldn't figure that. We'd been at the Fascination video arcade hardly ten minutes then. Chris, like most 14-year-old male children, can measure life out in quarters. But this was too soon: he couldn't yet have dropped the $5 worth I had given him. Laurie, my wife, and I were less than $2.50 behind in that sucker scam, Video Poker. And, old quarterman, me, I still wanted to snipe at some surly Berzerk robots. So I said, "Why? Don't you like the machines in here?"

"Let's go, huh? Let's get out of here."

I guess, even then, I knew something was wrong. An unidentifiable blip had shown up on my consciousness. We began to cross Broadway between 49th and 48th. His eyes weren't in focus: they wouldn't reply to mine. He had a cold-sweat-sick, humiliated, inadvertent look that I associate with guilt or fear—neither of which afflicts Chris often. What, I thought, could he be guilty about? On the east side of Broadway he told us.

"Two guys mugged me in there. Took my change and my wallet, everything. Let's go. One of them said he'd mess me up if I told anybody. Let's go."

Uh-uh, Charlie. What'd they think we were, three cheese farmers from Flin Flon, Manitoba? Hell, I've been living in this urban fire trench since 1942, and no one has gotten a solid piece of me yet. Anyway, Chris carried commuter bus tickets worth $70 in his wallet. Maybe if it had just been a loose fistful of video feed, we might have let the incident pass. And maybe not—Bernie Goetz had shot his quartet the week before. I think, though, it was Chris's wing-broken stare of personal violation that got my Bulgar up. Laurie and I spot-checked each other for resolve: uh-huh, right. Then we went back across Broadway to Fascination.

Of course they had cut out long before. And, first off, we got the roy-

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al New York finger. Most people just gave me that NEXT WINDOW PLEASE shrug. Others were simply pragmatic: perhaps they knew who I meant but, "Hey, man, I gotta live around here, you're just passing through." Then to my moral surprise, a slight, four-foot black child—age 12 or 13 at best—came forward. He had seen it, sure. He knew them: right down to their sneaker brand. One, the elder, was a deaf mute, and both hung out at Fascination or Playland across Broadway. His collateral evidence had a curious, releasing effect. Until that moment there had been mute complicity against us. No one would stool first. Now others were forthcoming and the arcade guard had a repaired memory. Yes, they did cruise Fascination often. Fair is fair, the three of us would do some mugging ourselves. We'd stake Fascination out all weekend, if it took that long.

It didn't. My black colleague pointed across Broadway. There they were: loafing in front of a David's Cookies outlet. That galled me. Hey, after robbing my child, have the courtesy to comport yourself with proper seriousness. Run, friend, run. The insolence of thieves in New York is wonderful. Later we found out that mute José had his own boastful deaf-and-dumb signature—the old Italian bumboost, fist at elbow, with which gesture he would brag in silence through Times Square whenever he had mugged someone. And at Playland an employee said, "Look in the garbage. It's always full of empty wallets at night. Muggers dump them here after they make a hit." Laurie—don't mess with my wife—wanted to storm across Broadway and run them in herself. But our black friend thought he had seen one José with a .38 some time before. No, I thought, we'll do it by the operating manual.

Tiger Laurie called 911 from a pay phone. I rang up Trailways in case they had sent someone on to cash my ticket book. Red-haired, conspicuous Chris hid around the corner on 49th Street. Then—with help from two security guards—four of us made a loose, nonchalant cordon. But José and José weren't suspicious: no one would be spoilsport enough to resent being ripped off. In very little time (911 did work) squad cars from Manhattan North had hit the curb. José and José, *olé*, were thrown spread-eagle against a wall. Chris came out and made the positive identification.

"Well," I said to him, "how'd it feel seeing those *cucarachas* against the wall?"

"It felt good," he said. "It felt real good."

Well, but that was the easy part. Chris has missed three school days so far: one grand-jury appearance, two in juvenile court for young José. (It's a neat case. The wallet was found on mute José. Deaf and *very* dumb.) But you understand why so much crime will go unreported. Three work days can be a pretty thorough mugging, in itself, to the average lower-middle-class citizen. For that reason your tourist is prime thief meat. Who could afford to remain away from Muskegon or Rural Lake through a month of hearings? But Chris and I were hard-assed about it. And the prosecution has been unfailingly courteous to him—in particular corporation counsel Suzanne K. Colt and assistant DA Ellen Corcella. Chris has been saying "objection overruled" often around the house of late.

Both Josés have been in prison for more than a month. Young José, after his second court appearance, pleaded guilty. In all likelihood that will bring one year or so at a youth correction home. Mute José had six prior misdemeanor arrests (criminal mischief, weapon and stolen-property possession—that sort of sociable act). We expect another guilty plea. As an adult he could pull two to five years. My ticket book was finally returned by the police last week.

Two down. For a while at least. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A Portrait of Charles Lamb, by Lord David Cecil (Scribner's, 185 pp., $19.95)

CHARLES LAMB is one of those writers who are remembered as much for the company they kept as for their own literary achievement. Although he was an esteemed essayist in his own time, Lamb is better known now as a friend of writers such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, and Mary Shelley. In *A Portrait of Charles Lamb*, David Cecil, the distinguished English biographer, describes a man who was "an ambiguous blend of mood and thought" and whose life was sustained and nourished by friendship, a puckish sense of humor, and a delight in irony and the absurd. Cecil describes Lamb's *Essays of Elia* as "the utterance of a spirit imaginative, tender-hearted, joyous, but which had been forced by hard circumstances to lead a life shadowed by

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tragedy." Through the kindness of his father's employer, Charles was educated at the famous London school, Christ's Hospital, where he was a classmate of Coleridge, but he had to leave school early and go to work to support his family. He remained a clerk in the accounting department of the East India Company for the rest of his working life, partly because he was obliged to look after his sister, who had killed their mother and suffered recurring bouts of violent insanity. His drab and shadowed life was relieved by his writing and by the evenings he spent talking with his friends, who delighted in his wit, his insight, and his zest for life. No one, said Hazlitt, "ever stammered out such fine, deep, eloquent things in half a dozen sentences as he does." Cecil's book is an admirable addition to the Scribner Literary Library editions. Lavishly illustrated, it is a civilized, not overly scholarly account of a man who was an important contributor to English literature and a well-loved member of London literary circles in the early nineteenth century.

JUDITH CHETTLE

Those Swinging Years, by Charlie Barnet with Stanley Dance (Louisiana State, 225 pp., $19.95)

MALCOLM X, no honky-lover, nevertheless took the trouble to recall (in his *Autobiography*) that although "very few white bands could have satisfied the Negro dancers . . . I know that Charlie Barnet's 'Cherokee' and 'Redskin Rhumba' drove those Negroes wild." A handsome tribute—and one that Charlie Barnet cites with pride midway through his own highly readable autobiography, *Those Swinging Years*. Mr. Barnet's memoirs, discreetly stitched together by jazz amanuensis Stanley Dance, read like a continuous showing of *Animal House*, *Porky's*, and *Bachelor Party*. ("A drunken trombonist poses special problems. I had a couple later on in my bands—one who kept losing his slide and one who played the second trombone part to 'Orchids in the Moonlight' all night long no matter what the band was playing. Another used to throw up on the bandstand regularly.") Mr. Barnet tells his disorderly story in a relaxed, detail-packed fashion; the results are historically revealing, consistently colorful, and unfailingly candid. (On one-nighters: "You stay tired, dirty, and drunk." On rock: "Loud, ugly, and stupid." On the big-band revival: "To all those who keep on saying, 'The big bands are coming back,' I say, 'Forget it!' ") A lengthy appendix contains personnel listings, a selected discography, and a complete listing of all the arrangements in the old Barnet book; the photographs are evocative, with first prize going to a candid snapshot of Mr. Barnet sitting in for Otto Hardwick in the Duke Ellington saxophone section. The only thing missing is the *sound* of Charlie Barnet's band, the blackest, loosest white band of the swing era.

TERRY TEACHOUT

BETHELL

(Continued from page 33)

Albania. Coastal areas north of Beira (where the Soviets are thought to be constructing a naval facility) are out of bounds to Mozambicans. Maputo itself is closed to all except Soviet-bloc shipping. Machel's central committee includes many white Portuguese Communist Party members.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine that those who practice Communism don't believe in it. State Department people cannot imagine that as unpragmatic a doctrine as Communism can be anything other than expediently adopted. Machel *possibly* does not believe in it (Vilankulu, who knew him in the late Sixties, thinks otherwise), but, ultimately, thought processes are irrelevant. Certain Renaissance popes may not have believed in God, but they said Mass correctly in St. Peter's, and the sacraments they administered were valid. Likewise today's Communists do not stray from correct practice or doctrine, so it is simplest to assume they mean what they say.

Have the Soviets neglected Machel's "interest"? The European trinkets that he desires for his entertainment are somewhat more expensive than those furnished by the nineteenth-century African explorers, but we can imagine that they keep Machel happy: expensively tailored suits and uniforms from London; two pink Rolls-Royces to date. Like Neto, Machel drinks heavily; the Russians provide him with crates of the best Scotch and are no doubt only too happy to do so. Less understandable is the State Department's eagerness to foot the bill.

Has the new policy borne fruit to date? Frank Wisner admits that the level of Soviet assistance has increased. And ten days after Reagan signed the request for military aid, the following "Joint Communiqué with Mongolia," broadcast from Maputo, was monitored and published by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service: "Mozambique and Mongolia firmly supported the efforts of the people and government of the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan in the defense of the gains of the April revolution." Not much progress so far, evidently.

All this information about the considerable Soviet-bloc investment and Machel's quasi-captive status is readily available to the State Department. Pondering it, one is bound to conclude that to sustain U.S. gullibility, Machel may soften his rhetoric, marginally, but that nothing else will change. The Soviets are indeed out on a limb in southern Africa, but to imagine that they will meekly climb down because the Americans are giving their client money is absurd. In his first speech as General Secretary, Mikhail Gorbachev laid it on the line. The "first precept of the Party," he said, is to "strengthen in every way the fraternal friendship with our closest friends and allies—the countries of the great socialist community."

The Soviets' position in Mozambique is an exposed one. Our helping to pay their bills will make it less so. My own conclusion is that at an unconscious level the State Department is well aware of all these things, but by some genetic impulse strives continually to reduce tension, to avoid confrontation, and above all to avoid making things more difficult than they already are for the Soviet Union. □

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BUTTON THY LIP, YOUR GRACE

NEW YORK, MARCH 22

THE HEADLINE read: "Catholic Bishops / Urge Lawmakers / To Bar MX Funds." I would very much like to see a headline, "Catholic Lawmakers / Urge Bishops / To Mind Own Business." The urging was in the form of a letter signed by Bishop James W. Malone, who is president of the National Conference of Bishops, and is himself bishop of Youngstown, Ohio. The news story said, "A Catholic official who is informed on the drafting of the letter said there was little or no opposition to it among the bishops." There are two questions here. The first, which is absolutely uninteresting, is, What is the view of individual bishops respecting the deployment of 21 MX missiles in terms of the comprehensive strategic picture? The second question, which is intensely interesting, is, What is the view of the bishops concerning the advisability of sending out such a letter?

An effort was made, in that letter, to ground its message in a moral vocabulary. The reasoning goes as follows. In 1983, in the pastoral letter called "The Challenge of Peace," the bishops opposed the deployment of weapons that are themselves "likely to be vulnerable to attack" yet also possess a capability of rendering the other side's retaliatory forces vulnerable. Why? Because such weapons "may seem to be useful primarily in a first strike." They then went on to say that the deployment of the MX missiles could be used for a first strike. Is that all?

No. The second argument was to the effect that if the deployment of such weapons was very costly, that factor would weigh, perhaps decisively, against proceeding. Why? Because the money should be used for other purposes. "Starvation in Ethiopia and grinding poverty in Central America" are two examples given of alternative uses for the $1.5 billion the 21 MX missiles would cost.

Now there are grounds for opposing the MX missiles, but they do not, really, figure in a discussion of the bishops' action. The MX missiles were first proposed by President Ford, as a part of a long-standing program to reduce the number of missiles we deploy and to make up for the smaller number by improved accuracy. President Carter accepted the recommendations of the preceding Administration, and his military team recommended the deployment of two hundred such missiles. President Reagan and his military advisors are thinking in terms of one hundred, or perhaps fifty, but 21 as an essential beginning. During the past twenty years we have reduced our warheads by eight thousand. During the same period, the Soviets have increased their warheads by about eight thousand.

The thinking, in other words, is an intricate exercise to which men who have studied public strategic questions have devoted their lives. The notion that we would have acquired a first-strike capability is as destabilizing to rational thought as the notion that we had a first-strike capability for about thirty years. The threat to the Soviet Union of a first strike from the United States is about as great as the threat to France of a first strike from Great Britain.

And what is it that causes the bishops to conclude that the money in question would otherwise go to starving Ethiopians? The concern for frugality to which they refer is a concern that less money be spent by the Federal Government. If the Catholic bishops want to raise more money for Ethiopia let them charge their flock, over whom they have legitimate moral authority, to do more. They say that the MX is "a system of dubious value." To be sure. We have enough bombs to blow up the Russians ten times, to use a round figure. But the whole notion of defining that which is of "dubious" value is on the order of telling a Christian that he is reciting a redundant prayer. Conceivably in the long run we could defeat the Russians with BB guns and poison ivy. But it is dubious that we could. The rational arguments are against taking any chances, running any risks—among other reasons, because if the Soviet Union prevailed, vast areas of the world would resemble the Ethiopia whose fortunes have been governed by men who follow Soviet doctrine.

It is heartbreaking for those Catholics who uphold the moral authority of the bishops when they speak out on such matters as abortion, and crime, and venality, and concupiscence, that they should weaken their leverage as they have taken to doing by involving themselves as a body in disputes in which they have no competence ex officio. Bishop Malone could be as smart as Einstein, from which nothing whatever would follow about the intelligence of his views on the MX missile. Let us now see if the usual gang rises to defend the separation of church and state. □

EXIT CHERNENKOISM?

NEW YORK, MARCH 18

TWO THOUGHTS passed through the mind when Chernenko died. The first was as written by Gerhart Niemeyer, the distinguished political scientist. It was just after Stalin's death, and he was asked by *U.S. News & World Report* to write about what might be expected down the line, say thirty years later. He asked himself, and then answered the question: What would happen if a successor to Stalin, finding himself Secretary General of the Communist Party, were to wake up one day and acknowledge that Communism was, really, a discredited ideology that brought about none of the happy social effects predicted by Karl Marx, and that under the circumstances he would retire from duty the ideological troops abroad, reduce the offensive potential of the Soviet Union, and disavow the intention to dominate the world.

What would happen, said Professor Niemeyer, is that the leader would be quietly led away by his colleagues to an asylum, and replaced by someone orthodox in Communist doctrine.

The second memory is of Winston Churchill speaking, in 1949, at the mid-century convocation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Churchill said that the death of the great Khan, seven hundred years ago, had disanimated the Mongol eruption that threatened all of Europe.

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Perhaps, he observed, some such thing might happen in our day to remove the threat against Europe—the reference was obviously to Stalin, though diplomatic protocols prevented Churchill from using his name. Churchill was voicing the hope that the singular evil of Josef Stalin might turn out to be just that: singular. But although it is true that Chernenko's excesses lacked something of the comprehensive sadism of Stalin, it isn't true that life significantly changed within the Soviet Union. And certainly it did not significantly change for Europe. Chernenko's Soviet Union, thanks to thirty years of technology, is an obliterative threat to the rest of the world in a sense that Stalin's was not.

What thirty years has made plain is that Niemeyer was correct. The Soviet Union is not about to change its national habits. What changes, ever so slightly in some cases—drastically, in other cases—is the perception of what the alternative to Stalin begets. When Chernenko died we got the usual roundup of opinions by national leaders. The new prime minister of India, Rajiv Gandhi, said: "During his leadership [Chernenko] gave evidence of patriotism and dedication to the welfare of the Soviet people. In the international field he took many initiatives for peace and to contain the nuclear-arms race." That is a bit like saying that Indira Gandhi did a great deal to improve the marksmanship of her bodyguards. Chernenko was a bumbling figure, but to the extent he can be held responsible for the activities of the past year, we can assume it was he who deployed a fresh species of missiles aimed at European population centers and he who pulled away from disarmament talks in Geneva on the grounds that the U.S. deployment of missiles aimed at the Soviet Union was an intolerable reaction to Soviet missiles deployed in the Soviet Union against Europe. If Chernenko did something to improve the welfare of the Soviet people, it is the best-kept secret of his administration.

The changes in attitude toward the Soviet Union are governed by two considerations. The first is that, somehow, we are fated to live together on the same planet. And it is the disposition of the Western liberal not merely to accept that which appears to be inevitable, but somehow to conclude that it is not really so bad after all. A man dying of cancer can be admired for making the best of his last months on earth. But he should not be expected to change his attitude toward cancer. We find that we are expected to make that change, which is why people speak such blather as Rajiv Gandhi spoke on learning of Chernenko's death.

And it is why we are looking for a daffodil or two to spring up from the concrete.

What? Well, for instance, the singular stylishness of Mme. Gorbachev. I have seen references to her as the new Jackie O. Or Gorbachev himself: He is humorous, well traveled, well educated, articulate, intelligent. We seldom trouble to remind ourselves that to the extent he is all these things, he is a more dangerous man than he would otherwise be. Henry Kissinger remarked, "I would expect that over a period of two or three years, the leadership of the Soviet Union will be more coherent and energetic than it has been under Chernenko." What we do not realize (unlike Kissinger, who does) is that that is bad news. □

WHY DON'T THEY SAY WHAT THEY MEAN?

NEW YORK, MARCH 20

JOHN SILBER, the president of Boston University, has been speaking the most concentrated good sense in town during the past season or so. He is equipped by training and temperament to do so. He is a professional philosopher, and professionally resolved never to suffer fools gladly. He is, accordingly, kept very busy.

Last January, Silber addressed a meeting of legislative leaders from democratic countries in the Western Hemisphere, happily a larger meeting these days than, say, a few years ago.

John Silber told them a lot of things worth listening to, but his salient point, really, was to ask them kindly to say in public what they say in private. There is a great deal of difference. If you promise not to tell, I will confide in you that the president of a huge Latin American country was asked in private what would he do if the United States Marines invaded Nicaragua. He answered that he would lead a parade of one million protestors down the central avenue of his capital, then go home, get down on his knees, and give thanks to the Almighty for the United States Marines.

"Without exception, the judgment of the leadership of these countries in Central America"—Mr. Silber was talking about the leadership interviewed by the Kissinger Commission, of which he was a member, a year ago—"was that the government of Nicaragua is determined to export revolution, that it imposes an increasingly repressive dictatorship on the people of Nicaragua, and that its purposes and orientation are Leninist."

So do these leaders take that position when addressing their own countrymen, or, for that matter, Americans in other than private circumstances? "Yet when the leaders of the countries of Central America speak publicly on these issues, they are, with few exceptions, reluctant to speak plainly. This tends to undermine the support that might otherwise have developed for the recommendations of the Kissinger Report, and thereby decreases the chance of our being able to enact legislation responding to the situation. In Panama they made it clear to us that the Panama Canal may well be under attack within three or four years if nothing is done to contain the situation in Nicaragua. Yet publicly, the leaders of Panama have been reluctant to speak of such a possibility."

Silber gives a nice account of how one can treat Nicaraguan leaders on their regular disinformation tours of the Western Hemisphere. On CBS's *60 Minutes*, the deputy foreign minister was asked why Nicaragua needed such a large fighting force. The answer: "Because of you, the United States. If . . . the U.S. [wasn't bent] on destroying this revolution, we wouldn't need such a big army."

When Henry Kissinger asked the same question of the foreign minister, Father Miguel d'Escoto gave the same reply. This is what he got back from a member of Congress, also a member of the commission:

"Mr. Foreign Secretary, I met you a few years ago in Washington just before we voted to send money to your country—more money than in all the twenty years of your former dictatorship." (This was before it was known where the Sandinistas were taking Nicaragua.) "I believed you when you said you were bringing in democracy. We arranged loans and financial aid to your government through the IMF and the World Bank. And we voted $117 million ourselves. We believed everything you told us. You looked me in the eye as one Catholic to another. With the basic respect I had for you and your social concerns and your being a priest I believed you when you promised freedom. But there is no freedom for working men in Nicaragua. There is no political freedom. I tell you, Father, speaking as a Roman Catholic, you lied to us. You lied to us then and you are lying to us now."

John Silber said, "We then watched a man's internal lie detector go off. D'Escoto lost control of his face for several minutes."

But it goes on. The new president of Nicaragua, who got lost at his own inauguration because Fidel Castro simply took over, speaking for three hours, sashays about the liberal fever swamps in the United States telling his lies, and receiving applause. *The Economist*, so greatly respected, comments on Mr. Reagan's recent declaration, "When before has an American President admitted to seeking to overthrow a government with which, even now, America has diplomatic relations?" A good point, but the burden of it ought to be, Why does the United States continue to recognize the government of Nicaragua? □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Arnold Beichman on Yalta

Mr. Chamberlain appeased Hitler, and FDR appeased Stalin. Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Roosevelt understood the menace of 20th-century totalitarianism, nor the significance of a non-aggression pact between the two dictators.

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. A more accurate term for "domestic social program" — 38 117 67 61 155 25 9 143

B. How tie games are decided — 88 76 50 145 104 36 121 14

C. WHITE ROSE (anagram) — 58 81 39 111 98 18 149 5 68

D. Small sovereign state — 138 105 44 21 93

E. Like Scrooge — 78 34 102 157 142 8 65

F. An expert on a particular subject — 26 12 127 85 45 69 160 94 53

G. Apparatus for measuring bacteria — 150 31 159 73 120 64 128 2 135 84 47 112

H. Descriptive of some fog — 97 71 20 162 49 113

I. In the last election, the GOP was and was not this — 79 156 146 51 116 129 37 22 1 60 101

J. Jesuit school deans — 7 106 77 55 96 115 33 132

K. Philosophical divisions within a sect — 35 87 163 125 108 148 16

L. Entanglement — 74 107 119 99 134 30 141 46 66 137 6

M. Endearing term for your father's sister — 62 4 126 91 27

N. Wife of Balder — 83 147 123 13 52

O. Illusion that one has previously had a given experience (2 words) — 144 122 3 28 140 131

P. Unnatural obsession — 56 109 161 82 41 23

Q. Simple and natural — 139 40 63 133 95 17

R. Descriptive of Poe's appetite, perhaps — 32 153 110 75 11 54 89 158

S. Give formal sanction to — 92 136 48 19 57 70

T. Pale — 114 154 130 24 80

U. Retailers' gimmicks — 59 118 42 15 151 86 103

V. The West — 152 72 100 10 29 43 90 124

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 I	2 G		3 O	4 M	5 C	6 L		7 J	8 E	9 A
10 V	11 R		12 F	13 N	14 B	15 U	16 K	17 Q		18 C	19 S	20 H	21 D		22 I
23 P	24 T		25 A	26 F	27 M		28 O	29 V	30 L	31 G	32 R	33 J	34 E	35 K	36 B
37 I	38 A		39 C	40 Q	41 P		42 U	43 V	44 D	45 F	46 L	47 G		48 S	49 H
50 B		51 I	52 N	53 F	54 R	55 J	56 P		57 S	58 C	59 U		60 I	61 A	62 M
63 Q	64 G	65 E		66 L	67 A	68 C	69 F	70 S		71 H	72 V	73 G	74 L	75 R	76 B
77 J	78 E	79 I	80 T	81 C		82 P	83 N		84 G	85 F	86 U		87 K	88 B	89 R
90 V	91 M	92 S	93 D		94 F	95 Q	96 J		97 H	98 C	99 L	100V	101I	102E	103U
	104B	105D	106J	107L	108K		109P	110R	111C	112G	113H		114T	115J	116I
117A	118U	119L	120G	121B	122O	123N	124V		125K	126M	127F	128G		129I	
130T	131O	132J	133Q	134L	135G		136S	137L	138D		139Q	140O	141L	142E	143A
	144O	145B	146I	147N	148K		149C	150G	151U	152V		153R		154T	155A
156I	157E	158R		159G	160F	161P	162H	163K							

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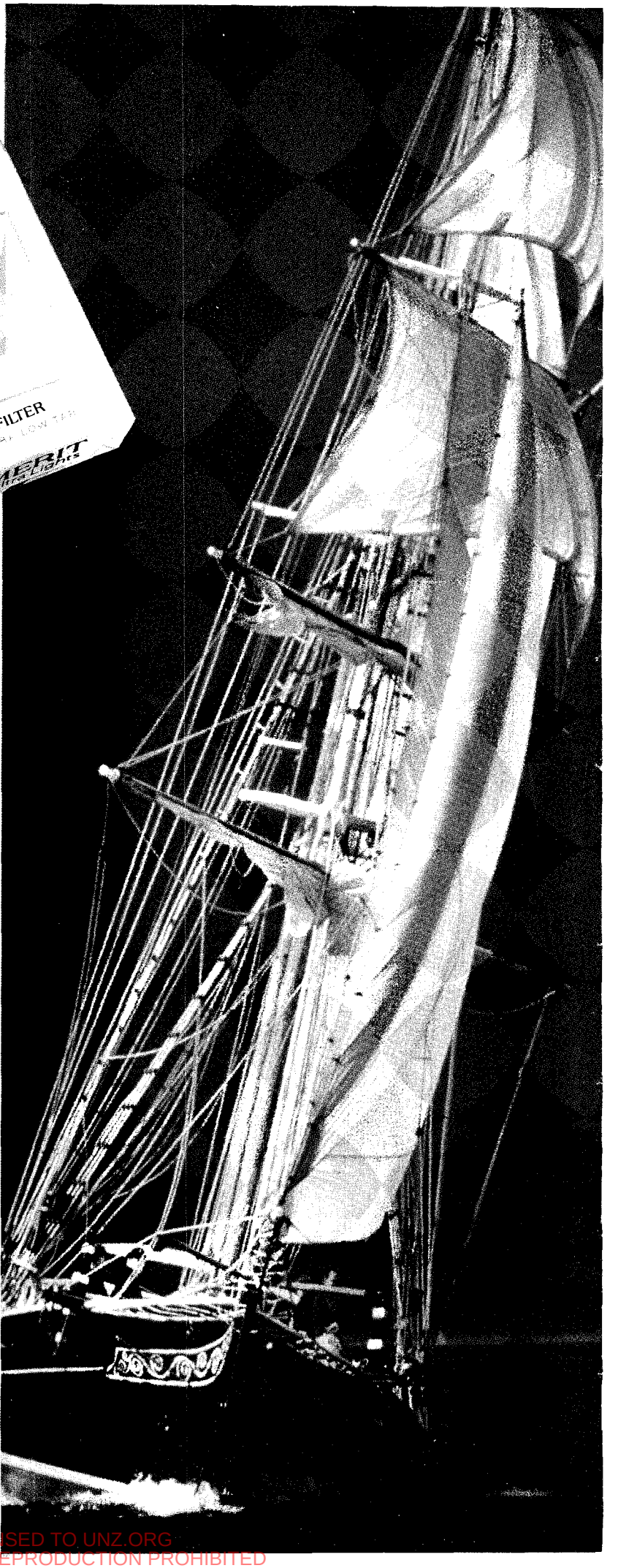

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